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RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS OF A SOUTH-AMERICAN SEAMAN,  
IN A SERIES OF LETTERS TO ———

### LETTER I.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

March 1825.

I HAVE just received your letter, requesting me to send you a regular account of my voyages and rambling excursions on the coast of South America, during the last three years that I have spent on that station, on board H. M. ship D——. What I have witnessed, I would relate to you with regularity and exactness, if it were in my power, but I am sorry to say it is not. Had I kept a journal of daily occurrences, I should have been fully able to comply with your request, but no journal have I kept. It is true, I began one with the laudable intention of filling it with the wonders of the world, and my own wise remarks upon them; and many wonderful things I did insert, so long as they continued to be wonderful; but I soon became so familiarized with the wonders of foreign countries and tropical climates, that my journal became irksome, and in a fit of disgust I one day threw it overboard on the coast of Brazil, where I suppose it now rests, with other precious things, in the bottom of the deep. I have no doubt that it sunk like lead on the bottom of the mighty waters, for both the writing, and the reading, and the number of volumes, made it in good truth, most remarkably *heavy*. It is a great consolation, however, that, although so valuable a treasure is lost to the

public, the volumes of Mrs Graham and Captain Hall richly fill up the blank. I do not remember any thing in my journal, precious as it was, that could either have improved or contradicted any thing they have said, although I was on that station at the same time with them, and had an opportunity of witnessing the floating spirit of public information concerning the principal occurrences which both of these writers have related.

Yet my dear friend, though I cannot pretend to give you any additional information concerning the principal public events that have occurred in Brazil, Chili, and Peru, during our stay on the coasts of these countries, still there is a mass of feelings and impressions produced on the mind by visiting them, which if I could make *visible*, might be amusing to the eye of friendship. The feelings awakened in the mind of a landsman by sea-life at first, if he has come to the age of reflection, are strange of themselves; and there is no feeling so strange, so interesting, and sometimes so painful, as that which accompanies our return to the scenes of our boyhood, after a long absence in foreign lands.

It is difficult for any one to conceive, save those who have felt it, the sensation of loneliness and distance, and something akin to everlasting se-

paration from country, home, friendship, and all its endearments, in the green vales of Chili and Peru, after leaving the heathery hills and snow-storms of the north, where youth and its sunny days have fled away for ever,—after embarking on the blue waters, leaving the planets and the stars behind us,—running across the burning climates of the world, into the 60th degree of southern latitude, doubling Cape Horn, and running down again the western side of the South-American continent, towards the Equinoctial line. After all this, what a strange feeling, to think of home, when it is 15,000 miles behind us! When we take into account the possibilities of danger and destruction, before we can return to it again, we feel as if we had crossed the gulph of death, and were looking back to it from another world! It is then that we think of the streams and the glens of our childhood with the feelings of an exile. When we would raise our eyes to look towards them in fancy, it is vain to look to the east or to the west, to the north or to the south, but we must fancy them far away on the other side of the world, in some slanting direction below our feet. The vision turns more distinct as the eye of fancy continues fixed on it, and we imagine we see those who are dear to us moving like shadows in another hemisphere. Although the seasons with the seaman be changed, and neither spring nor summer brings flowers nor leaves to the face of the deep, yet we delight to calculate the months, and think now is the time when the sower is scattering his seed in the furrows, when the lambs are on the mountains of Scotland, and the mavis building its nest among the hazel bushes. When we are exposed to the burning rays of a torrid sun at noon-day, we delight to look on the chronometer, and say to ourselves, Now the sun is setting at home,—now it is dark,—now the little family-circle is assembling around the supper-table, or circulating the social glass to the health of

friends that are far away. The fancy of the father flies home to the partner of his affections, and he caresses in imagination, his smiling offspring. The fancy of the son flies home to the embraces of his parents, and he thinks of the mother who wept when she bade him farewell. The fancy of the lover is with his mistress, among the sacred haunts where she first owned to him her affection; and he calculates the hour of night-fall, when she will be walking the rounds his early companionship made dear to her; and he steals to his cabin, turns the lock that no one may intrude,—takes from his desk her love-letters, presses to his lips the ringlet of her silken hair,—drops a tear, to think of the devotedness of her affection, and resigns her to the care and the keeping of his God.

Placed in circumstances such as these, where the very best and warmest feelings of the heart are kindled to intensity by absence and time, it is one of the severest privations a seaman is doomed to endure, that distance precludes the possibility of receiving letters. It is nothing to live in a foreign land, or on a foreign sea, where a packet every succeeding month brings an epistle from home, to tell how all went there four weeks ago. But when the Torrid Zone, and the Andes, and Cape Horn, are between, and a twelvemonth elapses and not a syllable is heard from your native land, the heart turns sick with anxiety, and the frightened imagination begins to brood over the possibilities of misfortune or death, that may have occurred in the long interval, uncheered by an epistle from one that is dear. There are few scenes which can be more interesting to the imagination than that of a ship's company on the west side of the Andes, when another man-of-war brings round the Horn, the mail from England, perhaps eight months old. In that space of time, every one imagines that there must have been many letters collecting for him on the coast of Brazil, all waiting for an opportunity of being sent round



the Cape, and he fancies that they must be all come together. The first or second cutter is generally the boat sent to bring the news and the letters; and as soon as the boat goes along-side the newly arrived ship, you may see on board the old one the whole range of the quarter-deck hammock-nettings covered with spy-glasses, all fixed on the boat, to see whether any thing in the shape of a parcel be sent down the ship's side into it or not. The common-seamen, who have no glasses, you may see crowding and squeezing with breathless anxiety, to have a peep through the gun-ports, to perceive, if possible, any thing in the shape of a letter-bag; and as soon as the boat leaves the ship to return, there is an anxious pacing up and down the decks, fore and aft, every one apparently too much occupied with his own reflections, to have either leisure or pittance to talk to his neighbour. Some you may see, who out of a principal of singularity, and affected callousness to all the softer emotions, pretend to turn their companions' anxiety into ridicule, and d—n the idea of home and every thing connected with it; while, at the same time, you can perceive that they have the same warm and anxious feelings about it as their messmates, while they vainly attempt to disguise them. It is also very curious to contemplate the variety of characters and their different sources of anxiety. Here you may see the little midshipman, who has never been at sea before, eagerly expecting a letter from his dear mamma, which, after it arrives, will most likely afford his messmates materials for a twelve-month's quizzing at the expense of mamma and her dear Fred. Here you may also see the mid. who is a little more knowing, look out with less anxiety about mamma than about papa's permission to allow him to draw an additional bill of £20 on his banker, for the payment of some gambling debts due to his messmates. And another again, an old stager, anxious about nothing but the *parch-*

*ment* the dear *parchment*, that bears the signs and the seal of his commission to be lieutenant R. N. See how he trembles with anxious expectation, for, on the back of his letter is marked "*On his Majesty's service.*" This, without doubt, contains the parchment—it bears evident marks of an official letter. See how his hand trembles as he breaks open the seal of the Admiralty. Alas! "Promotion cometh neither from the east nor from the west, from the north nor from the south;" and as he tears the cold, and polite, and laconic epistle to fragments, he exclaims, "D—n Lord Melville, and all the Lords in the Admiralty. I have been mate of the lower deck for the last ten years. Some of those who passed with me at College are made Post-Captains, while I am doomed to serve his Majesty till my hairs be gray, with the *curse* of God upon my collar, and all for 2s 7d. D—n the service!" Behold a mid. of a different cast,—an Adonis,—a love-sick youth, whose whiskers look most killingly genteel. He too receives a letter; doubtless it is from some great heiress—some exquisite beauty, for he has always been telling his messmates of the conquests he has made, and how many ladies kill him with the kind things they say to him in their epistles. Alas! it is only from brown Sal of Portsmouth.

Here is an epistle for the assistant-surgeon, also impressed with the seal of the Admiralty. How his eyes brighten with hope and expectation! doubtless this is the appointment to be full surgeon of a Brig, thinks he to himself, and across his mind flashes the dream of deliverance from a midshipman's birth. His hammock is no longer doomed to swing in the cock-pit, but his cabin is in the gun-room; and already he has an elegant cot and red curtains, and book-shelves tastefully arranged, and a nice table for his writing desk, and he is a member of the gun-room mess, and he has a vote at the gun-room table, and he ranks with the Lieutenants,

and his delicate stomach is no longer to be tried with the accursed cookery of a midshipman's mess; no longer beef, and pork, and pease-soup to-day; and pork, and beef, and pease-soup tomorrow; and pease-soup, and beef and pork next day—all by the way of *variety*; but he is to have a glorious *blow-out* every day at two o'clock, of hams and turkeys, and ducks, and vegetables—of potatoes, though they should cost a penny a-piece—and he is to have his walnuts, and his bottle of port or claret every day after dinner—and after his claret is discussed, he is to have his coffee served up in bright clean cups, made with clean water and fresh milk; not like the mids', where he has been obliged to pick rat's-wool and rat's-tails out of his tea-cup, and slay his dozen of maggots, and his hundred of weavils, every time he sat down to his dinner. What a glorious fabric, all this, to be built on a letter from the Admiralty! but, alas! the cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces, flit away like the baseless fabric of a vision, on breaking up the seal, when he finds that John Wilson Croker, in the name of the Lords of the Admiralty, gives him a "*rap over the knuckles*" for neglecting to keep a regular account of the thermometer going round Cape-Horn! The fairy visions of being a member of the gun-room mess have faded away; and when the boatswain's silver whistle pipes to dinner at the vulgar and unfashionable hour of twelve o'clock at noon, the assistant surgeon is discovered, with a fainting heart, sitting down among those scampish devils, the mids. of the larboard deck, to discuss his pease and pork, and d—n the steward of the mess for bringing him a dirty knife and fork, and putting down by his plate a broken tea-cup to drink his grog, instead of a tumbler. But having spun out this yarn, as the seamen say, to rather an unreasonable length, I shall beg leave to cut the thread for the present, and subscribe myself, yours, &c.

P. S. It looking back on this rigmarole epistle, I find it will be impossible, in writing you a series of recollections and reflections, to *confine* myself to the description of any particular class of impressions. I shall just write when the humour strikes me, and you must expect nothing regular.

"For how the subject's theme may gang,  
Let time and chance determine;  
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,  
Perhaps turn out a sermon."

Perhaps I may write you a description of a man of ton—perhaps a description of the slave-market—perhaps a description of the rejoicings at the birth of the Brazilian princess, and perhaps some recollections of the siege of Bahia—perhaps a description of Lord Cochrane's reception in the theatre of Rio-Janeiro before it was burnt, and perhaps a description of my own reception at his country seat of Quintero, in Chili. All these things are within the limits of possibility; but, in the meantime, I will task myself to nothing. With South America I have many delightful and very dear recollections; and if I get into the humour of making them visible, I shall have the happiness of living over again, in imagination, those hours that I have spent in the society of some far distant friends, whose remembrance will ever be dear to me. However, as I said before, I will task my pen to no particular subject; and whether my next letter may be filled with moral or with pastoral recollections—with foreign descriptions or moral reflections, time will tell. This is the age of criticism. Perhaps I may take into my head to sit down and write a critique on somebody's poetry, or, it may be, to write poetry, and give somebody an opportunity of writing a critique on mine. I think everybody that pretends to criticise poetry ought also to write poetry—just as one who teaches watch-making ought to be able to make a watch himself.



## SONNET, WRITTEN AT A CONCERT.

LET him, who deems that woman's lovely form  
 Is void of soul, come, gaze upon her here ;  
 While down her cheek there steals the tender tear,  
 As music sheds it's wild, resistless charm ;  
 And the deep passions of her bosom warm,  
 And the soft soul-beams melting in her eye,  
 And her heart sends responsive harmony,  
 As the glad flute is heard, or trumpet's wild alarm.

What reck's the graceless Moslem's boasted creed ?\*  
 Out on their maids, in paradise that dwell,  
 Their dream-born houris on ambrosia fed ;  
 'Tis better here to mark each bosom swell  
 With those soft thoughts, which music bids arise,  
 Than taste the thousand joys of Paynim paradise.

## A LADY'S ALBUM.

IN this age of reviews, when every author who puts forth his book, and every painter who exhibits his picture, is sure of the gratification of reading his character wherever he goes, it appears peculiarly hard that a very important description of work, which unites the beauties of them both, should be altogether neglected. I mean those excellent establishments for the encouragement of literature and the fine arts called Ladies' Albums, the rapid increase of which has done such visible wonders for the benefit of polite society. How many of the choice geniuses of the age are here indebted for their first inspiration ! How many, but for this, had been compelled to remain on their perch for want of a fair field to try their wings, and how greedily will posterity scramble after gilt-edged books with golden clasps to trace the germ of the great works which have descended to them !—Alas ! had our grandmothers—but it cannot be helped, and every happy undertaking, like the invention of Albums, may cause us to lament that the world has gone on so long without it. All that we can do is to perpetuate our blessings for our children, and with this view I can do no

less than encourage my fair friends in their new pursuit by reviewing all the Albums which fall in my way. I do this with the greater satisfaction as it is partly in payment of a debt of gratitude, seeing that it was in them that I myself commenced fluttering my wings, and I feel that, like the lark, whatever height I may soar I shall still look with an eye of affection to the nest from which I sprang. Most fortunately does it happen, that I have not soared too far to describe it with becoming exactness, for, if the truth must be confessed, the secret of my ability was only communicated to me last week, and the admiring reader is now gazing on my first adventurous flight.

My nest—blessings on it ! It was the prettiest nest that ever was made, and the bird that fostered me was a bird of Paradise. Its eyes were as blue as the heavens, and its voice was sweet as any within them.—“Dear Mr —,” it sung, “I am sure you are a poet, and therefore you must write in my Album.” Alas, how could I doubt ? Had such a voice assured that I was Apollo himself, I should have believed it. To drop the metaphor, which is not convenient, I took the book which was

\* It is a part of the Moslem creed, that women are destitute of souls.

locked, as well it might where there was so much to steal, and began seriously to be daunted by its costly appearance of red morocco and emblazoned Cupids. I felt that it was only meant to receive first-rate treasures, and submitted that it was hard to expose my first attempt to such a dangerous comparison. The appeal, however, was in vain. My beauty assured me that I need fear no comparison there, and gave me, as a reward for my labours, the enviable privilege of turning over as many leaves as I pleased. I will not deny that this examination gave me a good heart, for I thought it was not impossible, after all, that I might maintain my credit respectably enough; not that the articles were indifferent, but rather that the perusal of them lighted me up with unwonted fire.

It would be difficult when staring upon the noonday to say which ray is the most beautiful or the most dazzling; and if I instance a few of my brother-contributors I must not be understood as doing it with any view of settling their claims to superiority. I merely go upon the judgment of my pretty friend, who seemed anxious to direct my attention to the lucubrations of a young gentleman who screened himself from fame under the pathetic name of Alphonso. I rather suspect he was her lover, for she described him very affectionately as a melancholy youth, who had an opinion that geniuses were not long-lived, and had made his will the moment after he had composed his first stanzas. I do not wonder that the piece made him low-spirited. It ran as follows:

When I am dead and wafted o'er the billow,  
To wail thine absence as the death-watch ticks,  
I'll plant the spirit of a weeping willow  
To shade my ghost, and kiss the limpid Styx.

There will I strike my visionary chord,  
In tones of pity if they may but sound,  
And mourn my body was not placed on board  
To sink the bark and let my soul be drowned.

Poor Alphonso! I doubt very much if his plan would have succeeded, for his mistress hinted that he had been so long and so deeply in love that he was not much more substantial than a ghost as it was. To complete the interesting picture, she gave me to understand that she was sure he was a genius and wrote well, for it was generally suspected that he was a little beside himself. Indeed, what I afterwards saw seemed to bear her out in this surmise, for his sentiments were occasionally inclining to be watery, just as though they had slipped through the crack in his head, and his numbers were apt to ramble with a true maniac unsteadiness: but, as he wrote upon nothing that was not either dying or dead, the latter circumstance was considered a great merit, as he imitated the last kick to perfection.

In the next page to Alphonso and the ghost of the willow-tree, my ad-

miration was excited by a remarkably fine splashy dashy drawing, so boldly touched that I had some difficulty in penetrating the mystery of what it meant. I was told, however, by my pretty companion, that it was an assemblage of desolate rocks and rolling clouds, with the ocean far beneath and a rude grave in the foreground, bearing the initials of the artist, and intended as an illustration of some suicidal stanzas by the same hand. This star it appeared had likewise been shining a little too near the moon, though it was affected in a different manner. Alphonso was a gentle being, and was satisfied to fade away like a dying daisy, but the suicide man was a determined misanthrope of the Byron school, and kept his friends in a turmoil lest he should wring his own neck—a blood that would have laughed Charon's boat to scorn, and swam the Styx as lief as look at it. He had met with



two or three disappointments in love, and had been choused out of happiness till he very properly learnt to despise it. Every thing he drew or wrote had a smack of bitterness, and was particularly fine for a bold indication of what is called free-thinking, but making designs for his grave, which were usually in cross roads, and his numerous epitaphs, of which I counted about twenty, were, out of sight, his most congenial occupation. Most willingly would I treat the reader with some of the former, but I have not yet been long enough apprenticed to my new avocation to be much of a hand at engraving, and the suicide's style is very difficult to copy. I will give him one of the epitaphs, however, and welcome.

Ay, call me back to life again,  
And wash with tears my peaceful  
tomb—  
I cannot hear the hateful strain,  
And, if I could, I would not come.

There is something very striking in this obstinate determination expressed in such sullen brevity, and I could perceive a pensive irresolution in the eye of my young friend, as to which of her two heroes should be sacrificed. It no doubt requires much deliberation, and I hope and trust that she will not decide hastily. I inquired after the suicide yesterday, and found that he was still living.

It was quite a relief to turn from this intense study to a series of flower-drawings by a gentle young lady who had not been prevailed upon to exhibit without great solicitation. She was, however, one of my favourite's long string of bosom friends and confidants. The sweetest sympathizer in all her cares, and unhappily attached to Alphonso, who had doomed her, like himself, to a Stygian willow wreath. There was no doing without such a dear contributor as this, and, indeed, her performances were interesting to a degree. It was pleasingly melancholy to behold them. Her roses were as pale as if they had been in love themselves, and the butterflies which fluttered about them, were one and all, dying of consump-

tions. There was no positive colouring or touching—softness was her peculiar characteristic, and any appearance of vigour would have been rejected as absolutely indelicate. I was told that the bouquets were for the most part fashioned for the indication of some tender sentiment, or the exhibition of some beloved face which was formed by the outline of the flowers; and, after a diligent search, I found Alphonso peeping through a broken heart's-case, and the fair artist, hard by, in a flower-of-love-lies-bleeding. There was an affecting simplicity in these conceits which perfectly atoned for the projectress's want of poetical talent. She had no particular knack at originality, though she was thought to select with great taste. She had copied all the performances of Hafiz and the Princess Olive from the Morning Post, and several privately circulated pieces, which were supposed to be the production of Lord Byron himself. I ventured to differ upon some of these, but my young friend satisfied me of their genuineness, by assuring me that they had been transcribed from an Album somewhere near Mont Blanc.

After this, I was introduced to some witty conceits by a middle aged rubicund *roue*, who cocked his hat and his eye, and set up for a wag. He practised chiefly in the Anacreontic line, and would have been excellent had he not sometimes been "a little too bad." His rhymes likewise were apt, occasionally, to be faulty, and he was in the habit of taking great poetical licenses to bring them to bear. His style, therefore, was pronounced to be ungraceful, and my lady of the Album wished the odious creature would leave her book alone. Before I had time to become better acquainted with him, she laughed and blushed, and slapped it together, with a vow that I should not proceed unless I promised to pass him over. I regret that this circumstance prevents me from favouring the public with more than one stanzas.

Sweet maiden, when I you behold,  
I care not *that* for all the world;  
Then why should hearts like ours sever?  
Forbid it love! O, never, never!

Now here it may be alleged that the inversion of the first line is not elegant, and the necessity of snapping your fingers at the word "*that*," in the second, is decidedly in bad taste. "Ours," in the third line, is strained, with great poetical violence, into a dissyllable; the sense of the fourth is not quite apparent, and the rhyme of "world" and "behold" is unusual. Altogether, this stanza is a very fair specimen of the faults and beauties of its author.

From hence I wandered through a great many pages of excellent riddles, with which I shall not treat my reader lest he should stop to puzzle them out. Numerous copies of Madonnas and children, of which the only defect was a trifling inclination to squint, it being very difficult to make the eyes match. Wonderous landscapes, by little persons of four years old, who never learnt to draw. Autographs of John Brown and W. Williams, and many other celebrated gentlemen whom I did not know, but of whose families I had often heard talk. Fac-similes of the hand-writing of Bonaparte, imitated from spe-

cimens from recollection. Striking likenesses of notorious characters, cut out in coloured paper from imagination. In short, my progress was like a ramble through some newly discovered country, where every thing is rare and rivetting, and thrown together in the graceful confusion in which nature delights.

When I had come to a close, my pretty friend resumed her coaxing look, and besought me to take up my pen, for she was quite sure that I should not be eclipsed; and, moreover, that I should not be severely criticised. Her friends had the keenest eyes in the world for talent, and could spy it in every thing they saw; and, if her father chose to call them madmen and fools, it was a comfort to think that no one agreed with him. The command, therefore, was cheerfully obeyed, and I joined the throng of geniuses, by filling the title-page with the following appropriate dedication.

This little book, with all the prize  
Its varied page imparts;  
I dedicate to gentle eyes  
And sympathizing hearts:  
Then all who bring their smile or tear  
May fearless drop the gem,  
For common sense shall ne'er come here  
To praise them or condemn.

#### FARTHER PORTIONS OF THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MANSIE WAUCH.

##### PORTION THIRD.

[SEE PAGE 342.]

**B**UT, losh me, I have come on bower far already, before mentioning a wonderful thing that happened to me when I was only seven year auld. Few things in my eventful life have made a deeper impression on me, than what I am going to relate.

It was the custom, in those times, for the different schools to have cock-fighting on Fastern's E'en, and the victor, as he was called, treated the other scholars to a football. Many a dust have I seen rise out of that business—broken shins, and broken

heads—sair banes, and sound duckings, but this was nane of these.

Our next neighbour was a flesher; and right before the window was a large stone, on which auld wives with their weans would sometimes take a rest; so what does I, when I saw the whole hobbleshaw coming fleeing down the street, with the Kickba' at their noses, but up I speeds upon the stane, (I was a wee chap with a daidley, a ruffled shirt, and leather cap, edged with rabbit fur,) that I might see all the fun. This ane fell, and that ane fell, and a third was knock-



ed ower, and a fourth got a bluidy nose, and so on; and there was such a noise and din, as would have deaved the workmen of Babel, when, lo! and behold, the ball played bounce mostly to my feet, and the whole mob after it. I thought I should have been dung to pieces, so I pressed myself back with all my might, and through went my elbow into Cursecowl's kitchen. It didna stick long there. Before ye could say Jack Robison, out flew the flesher in his killing-claiths; his face was as red as fire, and he had his pouch full of bluidy knives buckled to his side. I skreighed out in his face when I looked at him, but he didna stop a moment for that. Wi' a girn that was like to rive his mouth, he twisted his nieve in the back of my hair, and aff wi' me hinging by the cuff of the neck, like a killing. My een were like to loup out of my head, but I had nae breath to cry. I heard him thraw the key, for I couldna look down, the skin of my face was pulled so tight; and in he flang me like a pair of old boots into his booth, where I landed on my knees upon a raw bluidy calf's skin. I thought I wad hae gaen out of my wits, when I heard the door lockit upon me, and lookit round me in sic an unyearthly place. It had only ane unsparred window; and there was a garden behind; but how was I to get out? I danced round and round about, stamping my heels on the floor, and rubbing my begritten face with my coat-sleeve. To make matters waur, it was wearing to the darkening. The floor was all covered with lappard bluid, and sheep and calf skins. The calves and the sheep themselves, with their cuttit throats, and glazed een, and ghastly girning faces, were hang-

ing about on pins, heels uppermost. Losh me! I thought on Bluebeard and his wives in the bluidy chamber! And all the time it was growing darker and darker, and more dreary; and a' was quiet as death itself; it looked, by all the world, like a grave, and me buried alive within it; till the rottans came out of their holes to lick the bluid, and whisked about like wee evil speerits. I thought on my father, and my mother, and how I should never see them mair; for I was sure that Cursecowl would come in the dark, and tie my hands together, and lay me across the killing-stool. I grew mair and mair frightened, and it grew mair and mair dark. I thought a' the sheep heads were looking at ane anither, and then girn-girning at me. At last I grew desperate; and my hair was as stiff as wire, though it was as wet as muck. I began to bite through the wooden spars wi' my teeth, and ruggit at them wi' my nails, till they were like to come aff—but no, it wadna do. Till, at length, when I had greeted myself mostly blind, and cried till I was as hoarse as a corbie, I saw auld Janet Hogg taking in her bit claiths frae the bushes, and I reeled and screamed till she heard me.—It was like being transported into heaven; for, in less than no time, my mither, with her apron at her een, was at the door; and Cursecowl, with a candle in the front of his hat, had scarcely thrawn the key, when out I flew, and she lifted up her fit, (I dare say it was the first and last time in her life, for she was a douce woman,) and gaed him sic a kick and a push, that he played bleach ower, head foremost; and, as we ran down the close, we heard him cursing and swearing, in the dark, like a deevil incarnate.

## PORTION FOURTH.

[The reader may observe, that Mansie does not *stitch* on regularly, and that he is a little partial to *vandikes*; but we cannot *twist* him, and allow him to resume the *threads* of his discourse, at his good will and pleasure.]

It would be curious if I passed over a remarkable incident, which at this time fell out.—Being but new beginners it the world, the wife and I put

our heads constantly together to contrive for our forward advancement, as it is the bounden duty of all to do. So our housie being rather large, (two

rooms and a kitchen, not speaking of a coal-cellar, and a hen-house,) and having as yet only the expectation of a family, we thought we couldna do better than get John Varnish the painter, to do off a small ticket, with "A Furnished Room to Let" on it, which we nailed out at the window; having collected into it the choicest of our furniture, that it might fit a genteeler lodger and produce a better rent—And a lodger soon we got.

Dog on it! I think I see him yet. He was a black-a-vised Englishman, with curled whiskers and a powdered pow, stout round the waist-band, and fond of good eating, let alane drinking, as we faund to our cost. Well, he was our first lodger. We sought a good price, that we might, on bargaining, have the merit of coming down a tait; but no, no—gae away wi'e; it was dog-cheap to him. The half-guinea a week was judged perfectly moderate; but if all his debts were—yet I mauny cut before the cloth.

Hang expenses! was the order of the day. Ham and eggs for breakfast, let alane our currant-gelly.—Roasted mutton cauld, and strong ale, at twelve, by way of chack, to keep away wind from the stomach. Smoking roast-beef, with scraped horse-radishes, at four preceesely; and toasted cheese, punch, and porter, for supper. It would have been less, had all the things been within ourselves; naething had we but the cauler new-laid eggs; then, there was Deacon Heukbane's butcher's account; and John Cony's speerit account; and William Burling's bap account; and deevil kens how mony mair accounts, that came all in upon us afterwards. But the crowning of all came in at the end. It was nae farce at the time, and keepit our heads down at the water for mony a day. I was just driving the hot goose along the seams of a Sunday jacket I was finishing for Thomas Clod the ploughman, when the Englisher came in at the shop door, whistling "Robin Adair," and "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," and whiles, may be,

churming to himsell like a young blackbird—but I havena patience to go through wi't. The long and the short of the matter, however, was, that, after rummaging amang my twa-three webs of broad-cloth on the shelf, he pitched on a Manchester blue, five quarters wide, marked CXD. XF, which is to say, three-and-twenty shillings the yard. I telled him it was impossible to make a pair of pantaloons to him in twa hours; but he insisted upon having them, alive or dead, as he had to gang down the same afternoon to dine with my lord duke, nae less. I convinced him, that if I was to sit up a' night, he could get them by five next morning, if that would do, as I would also keep my laddie, Tammy Bodkin, out of his bed; but na—I thought he would have loupn out of his seven senses. "Just look," he said, turning up the inside seam of the leg—"just see—can any gentleman make a visit in such things as these?—they are as full of holes as a coal-sieve. I wonder the devil why my baggage has not come forward. Can I get a horse and boy to ride express to Edinburgh for a ready-make article?"

A thought struck me; for I had heard of wonderful advancement in the world, for those wha had been sae lucky as to help the great at a pinch. "If ye'll no take it amiss, sir," said I, making my obedience, "a notion has just struck me."

"Well, what is it?" said he, briskly.

"Well, sir, I have a pair of knee-breeches, of most famous velveteen, double tweel, which have been only ance on my legs, and that nae farther gane than last Sabbath. I'm pretty sure they would fit ye in the meantime; and I would just take a pleasure in ca'ing the needle all night to get your own ready."

"A clever thought," said the Englisher. "Do you think they would fit me?—Devilish clever thought indeed."

"To a hair," I answered; and cried to Nanse to bring the velveteens.



I dinna think he was ten minutes, when lo ! and behold, out at the door he went, and away past the shop-window, like a lamp-lighter. The buttons on the velveteens were glittering like gold at the knees. Alas ! it was like the flash of the setting sun. I never beheld them more. He was to have been back in twa or three hours, but the laddie, with the box on his shoulder, was going through the street crying "Hot penny-pies" for supper, and neither word nor wittens of him. I began to be a thought uneasy, and fidgeted on the board like a hen on a het girdle. No man should do any thing when he is vexed, but I couldna help gieing Tammy Bodkin, who was sewing away at the lining of the new pantaloons, a terrible whisk in the lug, for singing to himsell. I say I was vexed for it afterwards ; especially as the laddie did not mean to give offence ; and as I saw the blae marks of my four fingers along his chaf-blade.

The wife had been bothering me for a new gown, on strength of the payment of our grand bill ; and in came she, at this blessed moment of time, with about twenty swatches from Simeon Calicoe's, prinned on a screed of paper.

"Which of thae do you think bonniest ?" said Nanse, in a flattering way ; "I ken, Mansie, you have a good taste."

"Cut nae before the cloth," answered I, "gudewife," with a wise shake of my head. "It'll be time eneugh, I dare say, to make ye're choice to-morrow."

Nanse gaed out, as if her nose had been bluiding. I could thole it no longer ; so, buttoning my breech-knees, I threw my cowl into a corner, clappit my hat on my head, and away down in full birr to the Duke's gate.

I spiered at the porter, gif the gentleman with the velveteen breeches and powdered hair, that was dining with the Duke, had come up the avenue yet ?

"Velveteen breeches and powdered hair !" said auld Paul, laughing,

and taking the pipe out of his cheek. "Whase butler is't that ye're after ?"

"Weel," said I to him, "I see it all as plain as a pikestaff. He is aff bodily ; but may the meat and the drink he has taken aff us, be like drogs to his inside ; and may the velveteens play crack, and cast the steeks at every stap he takes !" It was nae Christian wish ; and Paul leugh till he was like to burst, at my expense. "Gang ye're ways hame, Mansie," said he to me, clapping me on the shoulder, as if I had been a wean, "and gie ower setting traps, for ye see you have catched a Tartar."

This was too much ; first to be cheated by a swindling loon, and syne made game of by a flunky ; and, in my desperation, I determined to do some awful thing.

Nanse followed me in from the door, and spiered what news ?—I was ower big, and ower vexed to hear her ; so, never letting on, I gaed to the little looking-glass on the drawer's head, and set it down on the table. Then I lookit myself in it for a moment, and made a gruesome face. Syne I pulled out the little drawer, and got the sharpening strap, the which I fastened to my button. Syne I took my razor from the box, and gaed it five or six turns, along first ae side, and then the other, with great precision. Syne I tried the edge of it along the flat of my hand. Syne I loosed my neckcloth, and laid it ower the back of the chair ; and syne I took out the button of my shirt-neck, and faulded it back. Nanse, wha was, all the time, standing behind, looking what I was after, asked me, "if I was gaen to shave without het water ?" when I said to her in a fierce and brave manner, (which was very cruel, considering the way she was in,) "I'll let you see that presently." The razors looked desperate sharp ; and I never likit the sight of blood ; but oh, I was in a terrible flurry and fermentation. A kind of cauld trembling gaed through me, and I thought it best to tell Nanse what I was gaen to do, that she might be something

prepared for it. "Fare ye well, my dear!" said I to her, "you will be a widow in five minutes, for here goes." I did not think she could have mustered so much courage, but she sprang at me like a tiger; and, throwing the razor into the ash-hole, took me round the neck, and cried like a bairn. First she was seized with a fit of the hyricksticks, and then wi' her pains. It was a serious time for us baith, and nae joke; for my heart smote me for my sin and cruelty. But I did my best to make up for it. I ran up and down like mad, for the Howdie, and at last brought her trotting alang wi' me by the lug. I couldna stand it. I shut myself up in the shop, with Tammy Bodkin, like Daniel in the lion's den; and every

now and then opened the door to spier what news. Oh, but my heart was like to break wi' anxiety. I paced up and down, and to and fro, with my Kilmarnock on my head, and my hands in my breech-pouches, like a man out of Bedlam. I thought it wad never be ower; but, at the second hour of the morning, I heard a wee squeel, and knew that I was a father; and sae proud was I, that, notwithstanding our loss, Lucky Bring-thereout and me whanged away at the cheese and bread, and drank so briskly at the whisky and foot-yill, that, when she tried to rise and gang away, she couldna stir a fit; so Tammy and I had to oexter her out between us, and deliver her safe in at her ain door.

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STANZAS TO ———.

THE sound is mute, the echo gone,  
Which bids us part to meet no more;  
And leaves me joyless, dark, alone,  
Stranded on life's bleak desert shore.

And yet the blood is trickling still  
Within my veins, though cold despair  
Hath mingled poison with the rill,  
And chill'd the current flowing there.

Back to thy fount, thou crimson tide,  
And stagnate! Why, oh! why should  
beat  
This heart, now Maud is Malcolm's bride!  
And I must not his name repeat!

Not breathe his name? then let my own,  
Which once with his was fondly twin'd,  
Depart, and be the funeral-stone  
Its only record left behind.

Oh! is it sin to wish and pray,  
That soon the dreary galling chain  
Of life may sever and decay,  
When peace is fled and hope is vain?

'Tis not—I feel my prayer is heard,  
That love and life are ebbing fast;  
"Malcolm"—again that hallowed word,  
I speak—I bless—it is my last.

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THE PROJECTOR.

STEAM COACHES AND STEAM HORSES—HINTS FOR A JOINT-STOCK HORSE-MANUFACTORY COMPANY.

Soon shall thy arm, unconquered Steam! afar  
Drag the slow barge, and urge the rapid car.

DARWIN, *Zoonomia*.

AN ingenious friend of mine, lately dead, who was a universal speculator, and almost as ambitious a genius as the Laputan philosophers, celebrated by Gulliver, has left behind him a digest of wonderful discoveries, phenomena and projects—some the result of other people's brains, and some of his own—in or-

der to establish, beyond dispute, his favourite theory of the Perfectibility of Man. Many of the papers necessary for this purpose have fallen into our hands: and we think the courteous reader will not be disoblighd to us, for occasionally laying before him fragments of a demonstration so flattering to human self-love.



One of his most sanguine speculations is derived from the indefinite applicability of steam : he proposes that it should no longer be confined, as now, to the impulse of manufacturing machinery, or the propulsion of steam-vessels ; but that every species of wheel-carriage should, for the future, be set in motion by means of it. What brilliant, or resounding catastrophes does this sublime preordium in the great melo-drama of social improvement promise ! What gas-illuminated vistas ! What more than magic change of metropolitan and provincial scenery ! The medium of conveyance being changed from cattle to coals, and from "good ones" to prime Wallsends, the revolution will, of course, extend itself to the proprietors of the stage and mail-coaches,—and the coach-offices will shift all their interesting localities of pickpockets, beggars, porters, Jew-boys, news-boys and barkers, with the agreeable appendages of stale oranges and stale newspapers, pen-knives guiltless of edge, and black-lead pencils without a grain of black-lead in their veins—not to mention the mob of eye-thrusting umbrellas, and the crowd of toe-crushing port-manteaus !

Only conceive the instantaneous effect of one stroke of the harlequin-wand of speculation ! Instead of "the Comet," "the Dart," or "the Fly," starting from the Whitehorse-cellar or the Black Bear, the Bolt-in-Tun, or the Swan-with-two-Necks, they will, from the specified moment of the new era, commence their various journeys from the leading coal-wharfs,—the Irongate, or Old Bargehouse, the Adelphi, or Scotland-yard ! Time will be preserved quite as punctiliously as now, although it may not be requisite for coachee's whip to come in contact with the ear of the off-leader, precisely as the minute-hand of the neighbouring dial indicates the stroke of six.

The change on the road will be equally amusing and advantageous. Instead of the annoyance of waiting a quarter of an hour, at every post-

town, for *fresh horses*, it will be only necessary to lose a minute or two in calling for a *fresh scuttle of coals* ! A steep ascent, which often compels a gouty old gentleman, or asthmatic old lady, to walk against their will, or puts the proprietor to the expense of an *additional pair of horses*, might then be met by an *additional pair of bellows* ! The smoke proceeding from the top of the vehicle by day, may by night be converted into gas, so as to direct and enlighten, at the same time that it impels. Some little prejudice may, it is true, be entertained by anti-perfectible people against the heat of the fire, more especially during the dog-days. But this disadvantage (if, indeed, it ought to be called one, which, without the aid and expense of medicine, may reduce troublesome obesity to an alert and convenient leanness) would, at all events, be counterbalanced by the advantages which outside passengers—(particularly during the winter months)—would derive from it : and valetudinarians might save so much expense in night-caps, travelling-caps, belchers, under-coats and upper-coats, as considerably to diminish their average yearly expenses of travelling. The coachman, indeed, could no longer with propriety or economy wear "lily toppers," and "white upper toggery ;" but the change will not be amiss from a dress which is glaringly painful to the eyesight, especially when the snow is on the ground, to that "customary suit of solemn black," which adorns the members of another profession, equally conversant with the various advantages of coke and smoke,—*videlicet* the chimney-sweepers. The change, indeed, would not only be consistent with that sober gravity becoming men of "true science," as coachmen uniformly are, but contribute greatly to the picturesque effect produced by the locomotion of public vehicles on the main road. Novelty being allowed to be a constituent element of the picturesque, nothing more novel can well be conceived than the image of a Jehu

adroitly fingering the valve-cords of his machine, instead of "the ribands;" and brandishing a huge poker,—instead of his present long whip. The guard, also, will exhibit a similar improvement of characteristic to the eye of genuine taste, by substituting a brace of water-buckets for his pistol-holsters, and using a wet mop instead of a blunderbuss.

As to the probability of an occasional *blow-up*, this can scarcely be a matter of reasonable objection on the part of the travellers, who unscrupulously trust their limbs and lives in the hands of the racing and opposition coachmen, and are accustomed to the regular *blow-up* between the rival parties, at various incidental points of the road. Besides, any Joint-Stock Life-Insurance Company, already started, or to be started, would, doubtless, for a reasonable addition of premium, assure the lives of the steam-coach passengers; and the scale of remuneration might be managed in somewhat the following manner:—

Loss of an arm, by explosion	- - - £2
Loss of a leg	ditto - - - 4
Do. attended by a flight <i>a la rollageuse</i>	5
Do. spread-eagle over a quickset hedge	6
Blowing off the head (to be paid to the executors)	- - - 8

In fine, the great discovery of steam might yet be infinitely extended in its application; but further speculation, on its applicability to *aëros-tation*, is reserved for a future disquisition on that particular head. But, in the mean while, we consider the proof to be made out, that the expensive employment of horses in stage-coaches is no longer necessary.

But, talking of horses, why, indeed, should we confine the advantages of the application of steam to carriages? Why should we not have new *clavilenos*,\* with pegs for guiding them, and valves for abating, or diminishing their mettle, at pleasure? This

period, which may be named the "Copper Age," will certainly arrive. Sundry clerks, in Rotten-row, will no longer, from financial necessity, but choice, sport nags of neither *bone* nor *blood*; and the braziers may, at one and the same time, supply our dandies with their spurs and their "copper fillies." A farrier may turn his hand to *making* horses, instead of *shoeing* them: and a blacksmith's shop may supersede the mews and the horse-mart. Instead of a "horse eating *his head off*," as now, the horse, without any imputation on his good qualities, may be as *deficient in head* as his rider in the ring; and the riders, who are now too liable to be *smoked* themselves, may then be in a capacity to *smoke* every body else. Such horses, besides being entirely free from vice, will be as pre-eminent in *metal* as in *fire*. The divine horses, celebrated by Homer and the romance-writers, could not with more strict propriety be said to have a "breath of *flame*." They will, besides, eat nothing, drink nothing, and want very little grooming; docking and flogging will become obsolete; and *breaking*, which is now so important a ceremony, will, in the new case, be, as much as possible, to be deprecated. A great saving in saddlery will ensue, as a matter of course; and no Cockney, in future, will be reduced to the disagreeable dilemma of deciding, when on the point of being unhorsed by his Pegasus, between the advantages of grasping the tail, the mane, or the reins.

Other advantages, resulting from this speculation, are too numerous to be recapitulated. Millions of acres, now sown with oats, may then be devoted to the growth of wheat and barley; so that the abundance of the first may induce the cheap bakers to desist from making their bread of *ground Devonshire stone*, alum, potatoes, &c. &c.; and the mere cheap-

\* In a provincial paper, some two, or three, or perhaps more years ago, there was an account of a gentleman crossing from Holyhead in a *steam* packet, to join a friend at a hunt in the "Emerald Isle;" and, when in the course of conversation, this *vapoury* excursion was mentioned, the Irishman exclaimed, in true country phrase,—  
"By St Patrick, we shall soon go *a-hunting* on our tea-kettles!"—EDIT.



ness of malt tempt the "genuine malt-and-hop brewers" to make their beer of it instead of their present favourite materials,—quassia, henbane, indicus, coculus, foxglove, and deadly nightshade.—The "Ill-treatment of Animals Bill" may be rendered a dead letter by the invention of steam jack-asses, which may be thumped and bruised *ad libitum*. The nose will no longer be poisoned, nor the ear stunned, with the respective cries and exhalations of "Dog's Meat!" and "Cat's Meat!"—Office-clerks may occasionally dine upon sausages

in ——— lane, without fearing a nightmare-vision of the unfortunate animal they have embowelled.—No patrician need over-exert himself, for the future, in learning at college the single art and science of coachmanship: the nobler animals on the race-courses and in the mail-coaches, may be spared the costly exploit of "running against time;" and apothecaries and dancing-masters, who now keep a carriage with one horse, may then be enabled to keep one with no horse at all!

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#### THE WEDDING.

I DO not know when I have been better pleased than at being invited last week to be present at the wedding of a friend's daughter. I like to make one at these ceremonies, which to us old people give back our youth in a manner, and restore our gayest season in the remembrance of our own success, or the regrets, scarcely less tender, of our own youthful disappointments, in this point of settlement. On these occasions I am sure to be in good humour for a week or two after, and enjoy a reflected honey-moon. Being without a family, I am flattered with these temporary adoptions into a friend's family, I feel a sort of cousinhood, or uncleship, for the season; I am inducted into degrees of affinity; and, in the participated socialities of the little community, I lay down for a brief while my solitary bachelorship. I carry this humour so far, that I take it unkindly to be left out, even when a funeral is going on in the house of a dear friend. But to my subject.—

The union itself had been long settled, but its celebration had been hitherto deferred, to an almost unreasonable state of suspense in the lovers, by some invincible prejudices which the bride's father had unhappily contracted upon the subject of the too early marriages of females.

He has been lecturing any time these five years—for to that length the courtship has been protracted—upon the propriety of putting off the solemnity, till the lady should have completed her five and twentieth year. We all began to be afraid that a suit, which as yet had abated of none of its ardour, might at last be lingered on, till passion had time to cool, and love go out in the experiment. But a little wheedling on the part of his wife, who was by no means a party to these overstrained notions, joined to some serious expostulations on that of his friends, who, from the growing infirmities of the old gentleman, could not promise ourselves many years' enjoyment of his company, and were anxious to bring matters to a conclusion during his life time, at length prevailed; and on Monday last the daughter of my old friend, Admiral ———, having attained the *womanly* age of nineteen, was conducted to the church by her pleasant cousin J——, who told some few years older.

Before the youthful part of my female readers express their indignation at the abominable loss of time occasioned to the lovers by the preposterous notions of my old friend, they will do well to consider the reluctance which a fond parent naturally feels at parting with his child.

To this unwillingness, I believe, in most cases may be traced the difference of opinion on this point between child and parent, whatever pretences of interest or prudence may be held out to cover it. The hard-heartedness of fathers is a fine theme for romance-writers, a sure and moving topic; but is there not something untender, to say no more of it, in the hurry which a beloved child is sometimes in to tear herself from the parental stock, and commit herself to strange graftings? The case is heightened where the lady, as in the present instance, happens to be an only child. I do not understand these matters experimentally, but I can make a shrewd guess at the wounded pride of a parent upon these occasions. It is no new observation, I believe, that a lover in most cases has no rival so much to be feared as the father. Certainly there is a jealousy in *unparallel subjects*, which is little less heart-rending than the passion which we more strictly christen by that name. Mother's scruples are more easily got over; for this reason, I suppose, that the protection transferred to a husband is less a derogation and a loss to their authority than to the paternal. Mothers, besides, have a trembling foresight, which paints the inconveniences (impossible to be conceived in the same degree by the other parent) of a life of forlorn celibacy, which the refusal of a tolerable match may entail upon their child. Mothers' instinct is a surer guide here than the cold reasonings of a father on such a topic. To this instinct may be imputed, and by it alone may be excused, the unbecoming artifices, by which some wives push on the matrimonial projects of their daughters, which the husband, however approving shall entertain with comparative indifference. A little shamelessness on this head is pardonable. With this explanation, forwardness becomes a grace, and maternal importunity receives the name of a virtue. But the parson stays, while I preposterously assume his office; I

am preaching while the bride is on the threshold.

Nor let any of my female readers suppose that the sage reflections which have just escaped me have the oblique tendency of application to the young lady, who, it will be seen, is about to venture upon a change in her condition, at a *mature and competent age*, and not without the fullest approbation of both parents. I only deprecate *very hasty marriages*.

It had been fixed that the ceremony should be gone through at an early hour, to give time to a little *dejeune* afterwards to which a select party of friends had been invited. We were in church a little before the clock struck eight.

Nothing could be more judicious or graceful than the dress of the bridesmaids—the three charming Miss Foresters—on this morning. To give the bride an opportunity of shining singly, they had come habited all in green. I am ill at describing female apparel; but, while *she* stood at the altar in vestments white and candid as her thoughts, a sacrificial whiteness, *they* assisted in robes, such as might have become Diana's nymphs Foresters indeed—as such who had not yet come to the resolution of putting off cold virginity. These young maids, not being so blest as to have a mother living, I am told, keep single for their father's sake, and live all together so happy with their remaining parent, that the hearts of their lovers are even broken with the prospect (so inauspicious to their hopes) of such uninterrupted and provoking home comfort. Gallant girls! each a victim worthy of Iphigenia!

I do not know what business I have to be present in solemn places. I cannot divest me of an unseasonable disposition to levity upon the most awful occasions. I was never cut out for a public functionary. Ceremony and I have long shaken hands; but I could not resist the importunities of the young lady's father, whose gout unhappily confined him at home, to act as parent on this occasion, and



*give away the bride.* Something ludicrous occurred to me at this most serious of all moments—a sense of my unfitness to have the disposal, even in imagination, of the sweet young creature beside me. I fear I was betrayed to some lightness, for the awful eye of the parson was upon me in an instant, souring my incipient jest to the tristful severities of a funeral.

This was the only misbehaviour which I can plead to upon this solemn occasion, unless what was objected to me after the ceremony by one of the handsome Miss Turners, be accounted a solecism. She was pleased to say that she had never seen a gentleman before me give away a bride in black. Now black has been my ordinary apparel so long—indeed I take it to be the proper costume of an author—the stage sanctions it—that to have appeared in some lighter colours—a pea-green coat, for instance, like the bridegroom's—would have raised more mirth at my expence, than the anomaly had created censure. But I could perceive that the bride's mother, and some elderly ladies present (God bless them!) would have been well content, if I had come in any other colour than that. But I got over the omen by a lucky apologue, which I remembered out of Pilpay, or some Indian author, of all the birds being invited to the linnet's wedding, at which, when all the rest came in their gayest feathers, the raven alone apologised for his cloak, because "he had no other." This tolerably reconciled the elders. But with the young people all was merriment, and shakings of hands, and congratulations, and kissing away the bride's tears, and kissings from her in turn, till a young lady, who assumed some experience in these matters, having worn the nuptial bands some four or five weeks longer than her friend, rescued her, archly observing with half an eye upon the bridegroom, that at this rate she would have "none left."

My friend the Admiral was in fine wig and buckle on this occasion—a

striking contrast to his usual neglect of personal appearance. He did not once shove up his borrowed locks (his custom ever at his morning studies) to betray the few grey stragglers of his own beneath them. He wore an aspect of thoughtful satisfaction. I trembled for the hour, which at length approached; when after a protracted *breakfast* of three hours—if stores of cold fowls, tongues, hams, botargoes, dried fruits, wines, cordials, &c. can deserve so meagre an appellation—the coach was announced, which was come to carry off the bride and bridegroom for a season, as custom has sensibly ordained, into the country; upon which design, wishing them a felicitous journey, let us return to the assembled guests.

As when a well-graced actor leaves the  
stage,  
The eyes of men  
Are idly bent on him that enters next;

So idly did we bend our eyes upon one another, when the chief performers in the morning's pageant had vanished. None told his tale. None sipt her glass. The poor Admiral made an effort—it was not much. I had anticipated so far. Even the infinity of full satisfaction, that had betrayed itself through the prim looks and quiet deportment of his lady, began to wane into something of misgiving. No one knew whether to take their leaves or stay. We seemed assembled upon a silly occasion. In this crisis, betwixt tarry and departure, I must do justice to a foolish talent of mine, which had otherwise like to have brought me into disgrace in the fore-part of the day; I mean, a power, in any emergency, of thinking and giving vent to all manner of strange nonsense. In this awkward dilemma I found it sovereign. I rattled off some of my most excellent absurdities. All were willing to be relieved, at any expence of reason, from the pressure of the intolerable vacuum which had succeeded to the morning bustle. By this means I was fortunate in keeping together the better part of the

company to a late hour; and a rubber of whist (the Admiral's favourite game) with some rare strokes of chance as well as skill, which came opportunely on his side—lengthened out till midnight—dismissed the old gentleman at last to his bed with comparatively easy spirits.

I have been at my old friend's various times since. I do not know a visiting place where every guest is so perfectly at his ease; no where, where harmony is so strangely the result of confusion. Every body is at cross purposes, yet the effect is so much better than uniformity. Contradictory orders; servants pulling one way; master and mistress driving the other, yet both diverse; visitors huddled up in corners; chairs unsymmetrised; candles disposed by chance; meals at odd hours, tea and supper at once, or the latter preceding the former; the host and the guest conferring, yet each upon a different topic, each understanding himself and neither trying to understand or hear the other; draughts and politics, chess and political economy, cards and conversation on nautical

matters, going on at once, without the hope, or indeed the wish, of distinguishing them, make it altogether the most perfect *concordia discors* you shall meet with. Yet somehow the old house is not quite what it should be. The Admiral still enjoys his pipe, but he has no Miss Emily to fill it for him. The instrument stands where it stood, but she is gone, whose delicate touch could sometimes for a short minute appease the warring elements. He has learnt, as Marvel expresses it, to "make his destiny his choice." He bears bravely up, but he does not come out with his flashes of wild wit so thick as formerly. His sea songs seldomer escape him. His wife, too, looks as if she wanted some younger body to scold and set to rights. We all miss a junior presence. It is wonderful how one young maiden freshens up, and keeps green, the paternal roof. Old and young seem to have an interest in her, so long as she is not absolutely disposed of. The youthfulness of the house is flown. Emily is married.

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#### AMERICAN WRITERS.

[SEE PAGE 342.]

**JAY—JUDGE.** One of the men who wrote the *FEDERALIST*. See *HAMILTON*: p. 265; a Judge of whom Lord Mansfield spoke, like a brother—(while Judge Jay was minister to St James's)—after having had a consultation with him. His correspondence with our cabinet was able, and sharp. It may be found in the *AMERICAN STATE-PAPERS*.

**JEFFERSON—THOMAS.** Late President of the United States: now upwards of 80; the ablest man, we believe in America: author of many celebrated *STATE-PAPERS*: of the *NOTES ON VIRGINIA*, a small duodecimo volume of no remarkable merit, written while he was young.

The famous *DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE*—the American *MAGNA CHARTA* very nearly as it now stands, was the production of Mr J. He was one of the committee appointed by congress, for drafting it. After a consultation, they separated—agreeing that each one should bring his own ideas complete, in regular form, on a certain day. They met—each with his own 'Declaration' ready to produce. Mr J. was called upon (as the youngest man, we believe) to read first. He submitted—his paper was immediately accepted by his associates they would not even read those which they had brought, after hearing *his* read—It was adopted by congress, with a few alterations; part



of which, like the improvements of Pope, in his own poetry—were of a very questionable character.

While Mr Jefferson was the Secretary of State, and subsequently, he produced a number of **REPORTS**, and **PAPERS**, which are distinguished by extraordinary temper, foresight, wisdom, and power. Among these, are his **REPORT ON THE FISHERIES**: a system, for the regulations of **WEIGHTS** and **MEASURES**: a paper, upon the **ACCOUNTABILITY OF PUBLIC OFFICES**: a correspondence with our cabinet, concerning the **IMPRESSMENT OF AMERICAN SAILORS**, which, by the way, was the *real cause* of our late war with America. Mr Jefferson is a fine scholar: a liberal thinker: and a truly great man.

**JOHNSON, JUDGE**—an able man: has written lately the **LIFE OF GENERAL GREENE**, one of the revolutionary officers. Green was another Washington; the only man able to take his place, if he had fallen; or if he had been overthrown by the cabal, in Congress. General Charles Lee was a better captain—the best, we believe, in the armies of the revolution: but he was too adventurous—too bold and peremptory—too dangerous for the place of commander-in-chief. One word of him, by the way—now that he is likely to have no sort of justice done him among the people, for whom he sacrificed himself. He was one of those, to whom the letters of Junius have been ascribed: he was a British general: an officer, in the Prussian service: a lieutenant-general, we believe. He made prodigious efforts in the cause of America—put his head in peril, as a traitor: was, we conscientiously believe, *sacrificed*—(we will not qualify the phrase at all)—to Washington:—treated shamefully:—In short, he died of a broken heart.—It was well for America—very well, that he did not become the commander-in-chief—the leader, even for a month, of her armies. He would have been a dictator—a despot—or nothing—if he had: But we see no reason—there was none—why he

should have been so cruelly sacrificed; or so bitterly slandered.—We mention this now, with more emphasis, because **THE REPUBLIC** is all in commotion about **LA FAYETTE**—pretending—shame on such impudence!—that all this uproar comes of their gratitude.—Gratitude!—we know them better. But, even while we speak, the fashion is over—we have no doubt of it—we put our opinion, therefore, upon record, with a date (Jan. 1, 1825)—we say, that already the fashion is over, in America; that, already, they have done pursuing the “Father of their country,” as they profanely call him, after Washington, with outcries and parade.—Gratitude!—we know them better.—*They* talk of gratitude, while the surviving men of the revolution are dying of want:—while General St Clair—who literally starved, in his old age, upon the precarious bounty of a “single state,” is hardly cold in his grave:—while the very man, with whom Burgoyne treated, before the surrender (Wilkinson,) is living upon the charity of Maryland:—while Baron de Kalb, Lord Stirling, (also a traitor in the cause of America)—Pulaski, (a Polish nobleman)—with a score of others, each one of whom *did* as much for the republican side, as **LA FAYETTE**—and risked much more.—We know the character of this people; we know that of the *Marquis*—But he was a boy, a mere boy, when he volunteered in the armies of America: and we say, positively, that all this uproar is not because of their *gratitude* in America, for what he did, in the day of revolution (for he did but little—and, of that little, they knew nothing)—but *chiefly*, because he, **LA FAYETTE**, is a *nobleman*, of whom they have heard much talk *lately*, and all at once. It is curiosity—not *gratitude*. Gratitude is consistent. Curiosity is not. Gratitude is the growth of knowledge, in a case like this: Curiosity is the growth of ignorance.—A few years ago, (we have not forgotten it,) James Munroe, the President of the United States, made a tour through New England, Before

he went among the Federal party, there was no language too offensive—no usage bad enough, one would have thought from their papers, for James Munroe. When he went away, “they pursued him as they did La Fayette.”—Every house—every heart had been open to him—every voice followed him with flattery.—Why was this?—Was it because they had been wrong?—No. Was it because they were ashamed of their behaviour; or had come to understand his plain, homely virtues?—No. It was only because he, James Munroe, was *President of the United States of America*. These republicans are curious: they secretly revere rank, *more than we do*: they had never before seen a **PRESIDENT**.

LOGAN—JAMES: a quaker: a chief justice in Pennsylvania: died about 1750:—author of several works in Latin, which have been republished in various parts of Europe; a great scholar for the age—familiar with many languages—a good mathematician: a translator of Cicero’s *De Senectute*, published with his notes, by Dr Franklin. His “*Experimenta Melatemata de Plantarum Generatione*,” was published in Latin, about 1740—in Leyden, translated afterwards, and republished, by Dr Fothergill, at London. Several of his papers may be found in the Transactions of the Royal Society. We look upon him as altogether an extraordinary man.

MADISON—JAMES. Late President of the United States—predecessor of James Munroe, the actual President; (See Hamilton, Vol. 3, N. S. p. 265):—A very able—very cautious—very artful man. The chief—perhaps the only evidence worth appealing to, of his abilities, may be found, as we have said before, in the **FEDERALIST**.—(See, as above.)—We should not forget, however, a convincing, bold, generous memorial of his, in favour of religious freedom, caused by an act of the Virginia Legislature, in abridgement, or properly speaking, destruction thereof, about 1785:—nor his political correspondence with

Mr Rose—our minister at Washington; with Mr Munroe, the actual President; with Mr Pinkney, the minister of America, at our court:—Papers wherein the abilities of Mr Madison, as a negotiator—if nothing else—are abundantly conspicuous.—He is a good, plain writer; talks to the point; reasons acutely—plausibly—and powerfully; but seldom or never like a downright honest man, who believes what he says.—He is too fond of outwitting others—too plausible—too cunning by half. Nobody likes to be convinced by him—he is one of those, who “never take their tea, without a stratagem”—who hate fair play—who do whatever they do at all, by finesse—who had rather win by trick, than by honour.—But for James Madison, our last war with America—may it be the last!—would not have been for years—perhaps for ages—might not have been at all. Good has come of it, undoubtedly—good, even to the United States; but no such good as he looked for—no such good as any reasonable man had a right, either to calculate upon or hope for. It was little short of madness—desperation—fool-hardiness—for his country to give ours battle, *when* she did—in the *way* that she did—unprepared—unadvised—as we know her to have been. We say no more than is true—no more than he deserves. It is to James Madison that we owe the last unholy—unnatural war with America. He was—(he is) an ambitious, artful, bad man—without courage enough to profit as he might, of his own deep, dangerous cunning—after *that* power was within his reach—for which, he had played a game, whereby twenty thousand people were absolutely sacrificed.—He shewed his cloven foot, years and years ago.—He saw plainly that *power* could only come to the Chief Magistrate of his country, in a time of war. That very paper, which declares this truth, in the **FEDERALIST**, was written by James Madison.—Therefore, had we the war, when he came to be the Chief Magistrate of



his country. We have called him a bad man—he deserves it. He was *bad* as a politician—*bad*, as one having power only to abuse it—*bad*, for lack of that long-sighted wisdom, which causes men to overlook a temporary advantage—the temptation of to-day—while contemplating the future—the magnificent—wide—unbounded future of the statesman, of the philanthropist :—*bad*, because, hoping to obtain that from us, in the day of our calamity, while we were gasping under the pressure of confederated Europe—that—a paltry advantage at best—which he could not hope to obtain by open, fair, manly negotiation—that, which he would not have presumed, we believe, to *beg*, while our hearts were up—our blood high—and our arms loose :—*bad*, because, at such a time, with such a hope—he made war upon us—took side with our natural enemy—the natural enemy of man—the destroyer—Napoleon Bonaparte—with him, who never spoke of America, but for the purpose of insulting her—with him, who lost no occasion of deriding, affronting—outraging—her principles and her policy—helping him to beleaguer us round about—us, the last hope of the world—us, the natural friends of America—us, the children of her great fathers—when all the nations of Europe, in her vassalage, were upon us.

Therefore do we call James Madison a bad man. It is not in private life, that his natural temper is to be seen—As a *man*, he may be well enough, in his way ; but as a statesman, he was wicked, artful, and mischievous.

MAGAZINES.—Till within a year or two, the periodicals of the United States have been partly, or chiefly, or altogether, compilations from the periodicals of Great Britain. A new temper begins to show itself. MAGAZINES—full of original matter ; with JOURNALS of SCIENCE, which are creditable even to the age, are beginning to appear. See DENNIE, Vol. 3, N. S. p. 122.—HALL, JOHN E. p. 264.

MARSHALL—JOHN, CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME JUDICIARY, in the United States: Author of WASHINGTON'S LIFE—*so called*, a great, heavy book, that should have been called by some *other* name. As a lawyer—as a judge, whose decisions, year after year, in the Supreme Court of the United States, would have done credit, honour to Westminster Hall, in the proud season of English law—we must—we *do* revere Chief Justice Marshall. But, we cannot—will not—forgive *such* a man, for having made *such* a book, about *such* another man as George Washington. Full of power, full of truth, as the work undoubtedly is, one gets tired and sick of the very name of Washington before he gets half through these four prodigious, uncomfortable octavos, which are equal to about a dozen of our fashionable quartos : and all this without ever finding out by them, who Washington was, or what he has done. See HISTORY, Vol. 3, N. S. p. 267.

MAYER—CHARLES F. Counsellor at law, in the Supreme Court of the United States, and Courts of Maryland : author of a capital Summary, in Judge Griffith's LAW REGISTER, under the title of MARYLAND. See GRIFFITH, Vol. 3, N. S. p. 264 : a young man, altogether, of great promise, who, from his great honesty of heart, sincerity of temper, and clearness of head, is now rapidly advancing to the foremost place in his profession. A word of advice to him, therefore—He is too fond of antithesis ; given to crowding too much thought into a small space—wherefore, it is no easy matter for common people to understand what he is driving at, either as a writer, or as a speaker.—This habit is bad for a lawyer—fatal for an advocate. If you would be understood, or cared for, by ninety-nine persons out of one hundred, you must *repeat*, without appearing to repeat. Never give the same illustration to more than two or three persons. That which is argument for one—is not argument for another. You should not only *repeat*—

but you should *vary*—not only your arguments ; but your illustrations.

His language is pure ; style bad—singular—quaint—affected—capable, nevertheless, of becoming a nervous, original and superior style. Be more natural, we should say. Dilute more. Strong water for strong men—strong meat only for those, who are not in their baby-hood. Leaf gold is better for the mob—will go farther among all who have no time to weigh, or examine—believe us—than your unwieldy, ponderous, pure metal. You are too honest. You give too good measure—too much weight—not only more than we bargain for ; but more than we desire—much more than our money's worth—of thought. If you lay down a proposition, whatever it be, don't be blockhead enough to put all your exceptions—all your qualifications, cheek by jowl, into the same period. If you do, every period will be worse than a book—a volume of parentheses—which nobody *will* understand, if he can help it. People don't much like to forget the beginning of a period, before they have come to the end—or, to get a page by heart, merely to be *certain* of your meaning. If you would rouse, you should alarm, or provoke the attention.—Allow us to say—we have some little experience, we flatter ourselves—that, among all the ways which have been hit on, for provoking or alarming a reader, there is none equal to this. Lay down your propositions, *absolutely*, in the fewest possible words. Let your qualifications—explanations—exceptions—&c. &c.—follow at your own leisure—in your own way—after the interval of a period—a paragraph—a page—a volume—or, like those of Cobbett, or Jeffrey—when it shall please God. If you do this, you are certain of provoking somebody ;—pretty sure of *alarming* a multitude ; and, with any tolerable, decent luck, may get abused for a week or two, or even quoted—we do not say *remembered* ; for *that* fashion is over—Ask Mr Jeffrey, and Mr Cobbett, al-

so—(we beg pardon of both, for associating them.)

The great advantage of this plan, is—that happen what may, you cannot be overcome by argument.—If you are cannonaded, forever—shattered fore and aft—without a plank or a spar in the right place—you have only to come out, with a *QUARTERLY* explanation—or exception—or qualification—or apology—or a—something else.

For example. We lay down this proposition. *All men are thieves.* People open their eyes, of course—perhaps their mouths—at us, when they hear us. By and by—if we happen to think of it—we may add a sort of *nota bene*—or explanation, as thus. All men are thieves—“if we agree upon *this* definition”—(adding a definition, of course, that shall bear us out.)—What if people *do* misunderstand us ?—What if they never see the explanation ?—What, if they die, of the poison, before the antidote arrives ?—That's no business of ours, you know.—The fault is their own—they should not have taken what we said, without many grains of allowance. It has always been our fate, somehow, to be cruelly “misunderstood.”

How much better this plan, for the ambitious, than to lay down the same bold proposition, as you very, *very* scrupulous men do—thus—*we*—(that is, *ourselves*)—*believe*—(that is, have a sort of a notion)—*that all men*—(that is, a large part)—*are*—(and we have no doubt have been, will be, should be, etc.—here decline the verb)—*thievishly inclined*.—We leave this to the consideration of all young writers.

MAXWELL—a Yankee—a lawyer—of Norfolk, Virginia : author of sundry poems, published about six years ago, the whole character of which was given (by Neal) in the *PORTICO*—by a short imitation, a copy of which fell in our way, not long ago.

“There's a sweet little flower, by yon hill ;

By yon hill there's a sweet little flower:



And it blossoms, at night, o'er the rill ;  
So it does—and it dies in the hour.

\* \* \* \* \*  
And its leaves are all blue—so they are ;  
A rich-looking, beautiful blue :  
And it blows all in solitude, there—  
All alone—by itself—bathed in dew :

And that flow'ret will fade—so it will—  
As the blue of my Rêb-ecca's eye ;  
And perish adown by that hill ;  
And there it will perish—and—die.

## MORAL.

Yet fair—that flower, with eyes of blue—  
It died one day—and so will you."

## ETON MONTEM.

THE unfortunate death of young Cooper, and some other incidents, have excited a strong interest relative to our Public Schools, and we are, in consequence, induced to give some account of the nature, origin, and customs of these institutions.

The first in dignity, and almost in antiquity, of our school foundations, is ETON COLLEGE, situated on the banks of the Thames opposite Windsor, from which it is only separated by the river. This college was founded by Henry VI., in 1440, for the support of a provost, ten fellows, and the education of seventy youths in classical learning. It consists of two quadrangles ; one appropriated to the school, and the lodging of the masters and scholars ; in the midst of which is a copper statue of the founder, on a marble pedestal, erected at the expense of Dr Godolphin. In the other quadrangle are the apartments of the provost and fellows. In consequence of the spoliation of Edward IV., the number of fellows was reduced from ten to seven ; at which amount they still remain, though, from the very great increase in the revenues of the foundation, they might very well be raised, agreeable to the intention of the founder, to the old statutable number.

The seventy "King's Scholars," as those are called who are on the foundation, when properly qualified, are elected, on the first Tuesday in August, to King's college, in Cambridge, but are not removed till there are vacancies in that college, and then they are called according to seniority ; and after they have been three years at Cambridge, they claim

a fellowship. Besides those on the foundation, there are seldom less than three or four hundred noblemen and gentlemen's sons, called *oppidans*, who board at the masters' houses, or within the bounds of the college. The school is divided into upper and lower, and each of these into three classes. To each school there is a master and four assistants. The revenues of the school it is not easy to ascertain ; but, according to the "Report of the Parliamentary Committee on Education," they amount to considerably more than 10,000*l.* a year, arising from various manors, estates, rectories, and tenements belonging to the foundation.

The royal college of Eton, from the lapse of time, has departed widely from the objects for which it was piously established. Like most of our ancient foundations, it was intended solely for charitable uses. The statutes of Henry VI. expressly appropriate Eton college to the clothing, lodging, and education of "*seventy poor and indigent scholars*," who are enjoined by the royal founder to swear they had not 3*l.* 6*s.* a year to spend. At present the scholars find their own clothing ; their meals are reduced to a dinner and supper ; for their education they pay a gratuity of six guineas to the master, and their other yearly expenses amount to about 60*l.* These premiums, together with the revenues of the foundation, doubtless leave very princely incomes for the provost and the fellows ; but, of course, these Reverend Gentlemen have *hardly* earned their very profitable appointments, by their public services—their

superior learning, their eminence in literature and science, and the great benefits they have thereby been enabled to render the community.

There are a great many ancient customs connected with the college, the most celebrated of which is the **ETON MONTEM**. This ceremony is triennial, and takes place on Tuesday in Whitsun-week, when the scholars go in military procession, with drums and trumpets, to Salt-hill; a small eminence on the southern side of the Bath road. The motto on the colours is *Pro More et Monte*. The scholars of the superior classes dress in the uniform of captain, lieutenant, or other regimental officer. Every scholar, who is no officer, marches with a long pole, two and two. Before the procession begins, two of the scholars, called salt-bearers, dressed in white, with a handkerchief of salt in one hand, and attended each with some sturdy young fellow, hired for the occasion, go round the college, and through the town, and from thence up into the high road, offering salt to all; but, as Huggett says, "scarcely leaving it to their choice whether they will give or not; for money they will have, if possible, and that even from servants." The procession begins with marching three times round the school-yard; from thence to Salt-hill, where one of the scholars, dressed in black, with a band, as chaplain, reads certain prayers: after which a dinner is provided by the captain, for the superior officers, at the inn; the rest getting a dinner for themselves at other houses of entertainment. The dinner being over, they march back in the order they came into the school-yard, round which they march three times, when the ceremony is concluded.

In the "Tunbridge Miscellany" of 1712, this singular procession is thus alluded to:

When boys at Eton, once a year,  
In military pomp appear;  
He who just trembled at the rod  
Treads it a Hero, talks a god,  
And in an instant can create

A dozen officers of state;  
His little legion all assail,  
Arrest without release or bail;  
Each passing traveller must halt,  
Must pay the tax, and eat the salt  
"You don't love salt, you say; and storm—  
Look on these staves, sir—and conform."

The "Public Advertiser" of 1778, gives an account of the Montem, which was then biennial. This is the oldest printed account Mr Brande had seen, and which we shall transcribe:

"On Tuesday, being Whit Tuesday, the gentlemen of Eton school went as usual in military procession to Salt-Hill. This custom of walking to the hill returns every second year, and generally collects together a great deal of company of all ranks. The king and queen, in their phaeton, met the procession on Arbor-hill, in Slough-road. When they halted, the flag was flourished by the ensign. The boys went, according to custom, round the hill, &c. The parson and clerk were then called, and these temporary ecclesiastics went through the usual Latin service, which was not interrupted, though delayed some time by the laughter that was excited by the antiquated appearance of the clerk, who had dressed himself according to the ton of 1745, and acted his part with as minute consistency as he had dressed the character. The procession began at half-past twelve from Eton. The collection was an extraordinary good one, as their majesties gave each of them fifty guineas."

Formerly the dresses used in the procession were obtained from the theatres. The custom of offering salt has never been clearly explained: it is supposed to be an emblem of learning; and the scholars, in presenting it to passengers, and asking money, engage to become proficient therein. The money collected, which usually amounts to about 500*l*. is given to the senior scholar, denominated the captain of the school, for his support at the university of Cambridge.

It was anciently a custom for the butcher of the college to give on



the election Saturday a ram, to be hunted for by the scholars; the long runs injuring the health of the students, the ram was hamstrung, and knocked on the head with large clubs in the stable-yard. But this carrying a show of barbarity, the custom was left off, and the ram served up in pasties. In the "Gentleman's Magazine" for August, 1731, is the following notice of this usage:—"Monday, August 2, was the election at Eton-college, when the scholars, according to custom, hunted a ram, by which the provost and fellows hold a manor."

In concluding this account of Eton college, we shall only notice the ob-

jection that has been made to some of the usages and customs of our Public Schools. It is thought that some of them do not tend so much to promote health, and invigorate the frame, as to give a tyrannical, and even clownish, roughness to the character. If this be the tendency of any of them, the sooner they are abolished the better; for, however congenial such attributes may have been to the manners of the age in which they originated, they would, in the present state of society, be deemed any thing rather than testimonials of superior courage and scholastic accomplishment.

#### ODES AND ADDRESSES TO GREAT PEOPLE.

IT is a debatable point, whether society is most benefited by writers who make us laugh, or those who make us think. The toil of thinking is ultimately intended to be remunerated by laughter; or, if that be rather too broad for "ears polite," to produce a demure, exhilarated feeling, which is internally the same, though not expounded in "broad grins." The agreeable compound before us is intended to operate in the latter way, and is well made up for its object. It is a witty, pleasant, good-humoured little volume. The odes are fifteen in number, and are inscribed to divers well-known personages; to Graham, the aeronaut, M'Adam, the road reformer, &c. &c. We give the following extracts from that to Mr Graham as a favourable specimen:

DEAR Graham, whilst the busy crowd,  
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,  
Their meaner flights pursue,  
Let us cast off the foolish ties  
That bind us to the earth, and rise  
And take a bird's-eye view!—

A few more whiffs of my segar  
And then in Fancy's airy car,  
Have with thee for the skies:—  
How oft this fragrant smoke upcurl'd  
Hath borne me from this little world,  
And all that in it lies!—

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Away!—away!—the bubble fills—  
Farewell to earth and all its hills!—  
We seem to cut the wind!—  
So high we mount, so swift we go,  
The chimney tops are far below,  
The eagle's left behind!—

Ah, me! my brain begins to swim!—  
The world is growing rather dim;  
The steeples and the trees—  
My wife is getting very small!  
I cannot see my babe at all!—  
The Dollond, if you please!—

Do, Graham, let me have a quiz,  
L—d! what a Lilliput it is,  
That little world of Mogg's!—  
Are those the London Docks?—that  
channel,  
The mighty Thames?—a proper kennel  
For that small Isle of Dogs!—

What is that seeming tea-urn there?  
That fairy dome, St Paul's!—I swear,  
Wren must have been a Wren!—  
And that small stripe?—it cannot be  
The City Road!—Good luck! to see  
The little ways of men!

Little indeed!—my eye-balls ache  
To find a turnpike.—I must take  
Their tolls upon my trust!—  
And where is mortal labor gone?  
Look, Graham, for a little stone  
Mac Adamized to dust.

Look at the horses!—less than flies!—  
Oh, what a waste it was of sighs  
To wish to be a Mayor!

What is the honor?—none at all,  
One's honor must be very small  
For such a civic chair!—

And there's Guildhall!—'tis far aloof—  
Methinks, I fancy through the roof  
Its little guardian Gogs,  
Like penny dolls—a tiny show!—  
Well,—I must say they're ruled below—  
By very little logs!—

Oh! Graham, how the upper air  
Alters the standards of compare;  
One of our silken flags  
Would cover London all about—  
Nay then—let's even empty out  
Another brace of bags!

\* \* \* \* \*  
Think! what a mob of little men  
Are crawling just within our ken,  
Like mites upon a cheese!—  
Pshaw!—how the foolish sight rebukes  
Ambitious thoughts!—can there be *Dukes*  
Of *Gloster* such as these!

Oh! what is glory?—what is fame?  
Hark to the little mob's acclaim,  
'Tis nothing but a hum!—  
A few near gnats would trump as loud  
As all the shouting of a crowd  
That has so far to come!

\* \* \* \* \*  
"The world recedes!—it disappears!  
Heav'n opens on my eyes—my ears  
With buzzing noises ring!"  
A fig for Southey's Laureat lore!  
What's Rogers here?—who cares for  
Moore  
That hears the Angels sing!—

\* \* \* \* \*  
Think now of Irving!—shall he preach  
The princes down,—shall he impeach  
The potent and the rich,  
Merely on ethic stilts,—and I  
Not moralize at two miles high  
The true didactic pitch!

Come:—what d'ye think of Jeffrey, sir,  
Is Gifford such a Gulliver  
In Lilliput's Review,  
That like Colossus he should stride  
Certain small brazen inches wide,  
For poets to pass through!

Look down! the world is but a spot.  
Now say—Is Blackwood's *low* or not,  
For all the Scottish tone?

\* \* \* \* \*  
On clouds the Byron did not sit.  
Yet dared on Shakspeare's head to spit,  
And say the world was wrong!

And shall not we? Let's think aloud!  
Thus being couch'd upon a cloud,  
Graham, we'll have our eyes!

We felt the great when we were less,  
But we'll retort on littleness  
Now we are in the skies

O Graham, Graham, how I blame  
The bastard blush,—the petty shame,  
That used to fret me quite,—  
The little sores I cover'd then,  
No sores on earth, nor sorrows when  
The world is out of sight!

My name is Tims.—I am the man  
That North's unseen diminish'd clan,  
So scurvily abused!  
I am the very P. A. Z.  
The London Lion's small pin's head,  
So often hath refused!

Campbell—(you cannot see him here)—  
Hath scorn'd my *lays*:—do his appear  
Such great eggs from the sky  
And Longman and his lengthy Co.  
Long, only, in a little Row,  
Have thrust my poems by!

What else?—I'm poor and much beset  
With damn'd small duns—that is—in debt  
Some grains of golden dust!  
But only worth, above, is worth.—  
What's all the credit of the earth?  
An inch of cloth on trust.

What's Rothschild here, that wealthy  
man!  
Nay, worlds of wealth?—Oh if you can  
Spy out,—the *Golden Ball*!  
Sure, as we rose, all money sank:  
What's gold or silver now?—the Bank  
Is gone—the 'Change and all!

\* \* \* \* \*  
Oh, Graham, mark those gorgeous crowds!  
Like birds of Paradise the clouds  
Are winging on the wind!  
But what is grander than their range?  
More lovely than their sun-set change?  
Their free creative mind!

\* \* \* \* \*  
Ah, me! I've touched a string that ope  
The airy valve!—the gas elopes—  
Down goes our bright Balloon!  
Farewell, the skies! the clouds! I smell  
The lower world! Graham, farewell,  
Man of the silken moon!

The earth is close! the City nears—  
Like a burnt paper it appears,  
Studded with tiny sparks!  
Methinks I hear the distant rout  
Of coaches rumbling all about—  
We're close above the Parks!

I hear the watchmen on their beats,  
Hawking the hour about the streets,  
I—d what a cruel jar  
It is upon the earth to light!  
Well—there's the finish of our flight!  
I've smoked my last segar!



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“ A SHORT LIFE AND A MERRY ONE.”

**T**HIS is pernicious counsel, “brings many a one to a bad end,” and even counteracts the good effects of such wholesome precepts as are contained in the renowned history of Tommy and Harry. Indeed, certain sticklers, are of opinion that this and some other half dozen crack sayings are of a Satanic origin, and that they have been sent abroad by our great enemy to lure us into his snares. We leave them to their prejudices.

Those who are fond of tracing cause and effect, may consider a school as the microcosm of life. Boys at the flexible age of twelve or fourteen are usually the slaves of example; they are intoxicated with life's choicest spirits, and the word luxury is to them a talisman and charm, which conjures up all the golden dreams of the imagination. This is, however, only the germ of a principle; for genius and poverty are so often associated that the latter almost appears to be a consequence of the former. It is certain that excellence in any branch of learning or skill creates a degree of listlessness or indifference to the petty affairs of life. Hence result the difficulties with which we too often see talent surrounded: hence the calamities of authors, and the poverty of poets and philosophers. The wit who at one moment electrifies a score of *bon-vivants* by the brilliancy of his imagination, is perhaps doomed to be electrified in turn by the importunity of a dun, and to have his “flow of soul” chilled by the gloom of a spunging-house or a prison.

These are technically called the ups and downs of life, and they alternate in all ranks. I hate all improvidence, as every just man ought; because we know that when our own resources are exhausted, we must rely on those of our friends; and he who quarters himself on the generosity of a friend, (except in misfortune,) is guilty of the basest ingratitude and

of a breach of confidence, which can never be repaired. The sin of extravagance is therefore of twofold enormity, since, by indulging it, we not only become our own enemy, but that of our connections, and of mankind.

Genius always had its golden days and nights, when it loved to quaff and luxuriate in the good things of this life. Shakspeare doubtless drew from his own halcyon days, the festive scenes with which his dramas are illustrated, colouring them with all the richness and exuberance of hospitality and good cheer. Witness only the scene at the Boar's-Head tavern, in Eastcheap, with the mellow humour of old Jack Falstaff and his companions, and the raciness of Prince Hal. This is the very soul of good fellowship—it is drinking to the very full—our souls rise at the bare recollection, and we exclaim with Æsop, “*O suavis anime!*”

Extravagance and excess are frequently the *alloy* of many good qualities. The world, however, generally confounds the errors of the head with those of the heart. When Sheridan wrote his “School for Scandal,” he intended to contrast the treachery and black-hearted hypocrisy of Joseph Surface with the volatility and frankness of Charles; and he wished to show that, however deep the errors and misgivings of a giddy head may plunge a man, if his heart be untainted and sincere, he possesses a redeeming grace. This he has done effectually in perhaps one of the finest moral lessons that ever graced the English stage.

There is no vice of such rapid growth as habitual extravagance, which consists in satisfying created wants. Imprudent liberality to friends and associates is generally repaid with ingratitude, for what is commonly thought a very just reason—that those favours should not be so highly valued which are bestowed

from whim rather than from just feelings of friendship. This is far from being an excuse for ingratitude, for which, indeed, no extenuation has ever yet been found.

Holcroft accounts for the imprudence of dramatic writers and actors by their being placed in so many situations that they actually forget their own. One hour they personate royalty in all its mimic grandeur, and the next they sleep in a barn! Authors, in like manner, are so absorbed in the spirit of intellect, or the world of books, that they fall into similar errors and embarrassments. In short, genius soars beyond such bounds, and cannot sympathise with the ordinary concerns of every-day life: it has its own sphere, where it shines through the gloom that would fain obscure its splendour.

Undoubtedly there is a vast difference between those who adopt the course of "a short life and a merry one," from error, and those who follow it from principle, or as the world would say, from want of principle.

The fool and the knave should not be treated alike; the one should be pitied—the other punished. There are certain hours in a man's life, when he is thrown off his guard, and he gets into a course from which it is difficult to reclaim him: and in the common chances of existence, the motive should be duly weighed before the stigma is cast; for unjust

reproach is like the blood of a murdered man, which always leaves a stain.

That the scheme of "a short life and a merry one" is perilous, our public records, independent of our private experience, will attest. The rage for appearing what we are not, and disguising what we are, is of all vices the most dangerous, and this, for more reasons than we may probably be aware of. If we only deceived the world, our purpose would be served, but by constantly practising this species of imposture, we at length deceive ourselves, and thereby fall into our own snare. A man of education, though he be never so poor in the world, will like a good coat, wear well to the last, and when his dress is threadbare, the gentlemanly refinement of his manners will shine forth and distinguish him in the downhill of life.

Good breeding is the best passport in society, and is like a rose worn in our bosom, which delights by its elegance and perfume. It will put mankind in good humour with us, and thereby ensure respect and liberal treatment. We may then hope for a long life and a merry one; and we may enjoy the society of our friends, and laugh at the tricks of our enemies. Cheerfulness will enliven us in proportion to our virtues, and by this means we shall arrive at the grand secret of being HAPPY.

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#### PRESERVATION OF SHIPS FROM FIRE.

**O**F all the dangers, sufferings and accidents which attend the seaman's life, there is none that can be compared with the conflagration of his vessel. Cut off from all assistance, except from his own resources—without any means of escape, but in the boats of his ship, in which he may be afterwards doomed to perish by hunger or fatigue,—there can hardly be imagined any situation more deplorable, or one which can excite more compassion for the unhappy sufferer:

Under these impressions, occasioned by the recent destruction of the Kent East Indiaman, and the dreadful loss of lives on that melancholy occasion, I am induced to submit to the consideration of the East-India company, and others concerned in shipping, a plan by which the preservation of ships, in case of accidentally taking fire, may be greatly facilitated.

It is well known to every person acquainted with shipping, that the majority of those accidents origi-



nate in the *lazaretto*, or store-room in which the steward's stores are kept; and as this apartment, in the East Indiamen, is in the immediate passage to the light-room, under which the magazine, containing the gunpowder, is situated,—the energies of the ship's company are materially reduced, when the fire has attained any height, by the fear of the powder exploding. My recommendation is, that the magazine should be lined with lead, and made water tight: to be filled with water, when necessary, either by a pipe leading from the fore-castle, near the head pump; or by a cock, to turn into the magazine which is under water.

The advantages that would result from the gunpowder being secured from immediate explosion, would be, the increased exertions of the crew: who, having no dread of approaching the place where the fire was raging, would continue their endeavours to extinguish it, as long as any rational hope remained of success. For want of this security, I believe, many valuable ships, and numerous lives, have been sacrificed; the people having become paralyzed, and having given

themselves up to despair. Ships in company, also, would have no fear of rendering assistance, when they knew that the powder was, or would be, inundated.

The only objection, that I can anticipate, is that of the magazine being filled, and the gunpowder rendered useless, through timidity or carelessness. But I consider neither of these circumstances likely to happen; for the communication by the pipe from the fore-castle, if that plan of filling the magazine be preferred, ought to be well secured, and the key always to remain in the possession of the commanding officer, as well as that of the magazine itself:—consequently, the gunpowder could not be wetted without his orders and permission, and he would only resort to such a measure at the last extremity.

On the alternative of being burnt, or captured by the enemy for want of means of defence, supposing the ship to have been preserved, there cannot be two opinions.

I therefore flatter myself, that the suggestion possesses some recommendation to the attention of the East-India Company and the public.

#### WALLACE'S DREAM.

THE last beam of day from the west had departed,  
And night's darkest canopy hung o'er the plain;  
While through the deep gloom the wild meteor darted,  
And shed its red glare o'er the field of the slain.  
The camp-fires at intervals faintly were gleaming;  
The storm's gloomy spirit moan'd loud from his cave;  
The Carron's dark waters at distance were streaming,  
And sigh'd as they mix'd with the blood of the brave!

By a moss-cover'd rock lay his country's defender  
Asleep with his manly form wrapt in his plaid,  
He dream'd of a land that had none to befriend her,  
If low in the dust her brave Wallace was laid!—  
He dream'd of companions in peril and danger,  
Now stretch'd on the wild heath and stiff 'ning in gore,  
Who fought by his side in the land of the stranger,  
And died to defend him by Carron's lone shore!

He dream'd that he saw deeply pictur'd before him,  
His own cruel fate in the land of the slave,  
Bui he dream'd that the banner of glory wav'd o'er him.  
That the tears of his country would hallow his grave.—  
He started,—awoke,—drew his faulchion—'Twas gory.—  
He rais'd high to heav'n his arm and his eye,  
And swore to pursue the path onward to glory;  
For dear Caledonia, to conquer, or die.

## A TOUR TO LEITH.

**I**S it not monstrous, that a being created originally upright, should be condemned to bend in prostration over the slope of a mahogany desk? Goaded by this reflection, and acted upon by the warm influence of an autumnal sky, I resolved to knock off the fetters of servitude, and to refresh that ethereal vapour called Mind, by roving over the scenes of nature, "till Fancy had her fill." So, selecting a companion combining the best two requisites for an excursion, good temper and good sense, I put myself on board the ———, bound to the port of Leith, from that of London.

It is common for young persons, young voyagers in particular, to trust, like Pompey at Pharsalia, too much to their hopes: they are sanguine of two things, above others pregnant with danger,—Love, and the Water. I was nothing behind my contemporaries in anticipations of pleasure from the *latter*, and had no doubt that we should sail with the adverse winds bagged, and the tide in our favour. Taking a farewell at Greenwich of our river-pilot, we ran before a fine westerly wind, down to the Nore. Partaking of a hasty meal, and not having had time enough to scrutinize our companions, we turned into our hammocks, and to the influence of "Death's twin-brother, Sleep." I had resolved that all my senses should have full exertion during my excursion, that what I suffered in pocket might be remunerated to my mind; and the mate of the vessel, who slept at the head of my hammock, seemed determined to second my views with respect to the sense of hearing,—for his nose, "that deep and dreadful organ-pipe," pealed forth a nocturnal hymn.

"Soon as the rosy morn had waked the day," I could not restrain myself from taking a peep at my companions. The night having been warm, the doors of the hammocks

were all open, and displayed a group that would have been invaluable to a comic painter,—all the variety of features, from Heidigger to Narcissus. Where so many were excellent, it would be invidious to particularize, as a doubtful critic has often said, "but one I would select from that proud throng." At a vertical angle to that which I was upon, lay supine, like Polypheme, and almost as huge, one who, to give additional fervours to his fully-illuminated countenance, had drawn over his brows a *red* night-cap. The slumbers of infancy are exquisitely beautiful (so Byron's verse has told us); but in after-age, in the male sex, a comic effect almost generally attends them. The unstrung tone of the features, where usually sit thought and anxiety,—the elevated nose,—the open mouth!

"Fate, drop the curtain, I can paint no more!"

I would not willingly add terrors to the married state. My risible propensities were kept in play, as the different inmates of the "lowly beds" commenced the duties of the toilette. One, bent on blood, with his razor in his hand, making ineffectual attempts at his snow-topped checks. On the other side, a thin, cadaverous-looking man, making an endeavour to inflate his lantern-jaws to the form of a circle, which was continually rendered abortive by the operation of the ship's motion upon his stomach. Another, like Tantalus, endeavouring in vain to lift the liquid to his mouth, while it eternally receded from his touch.

Having gained the deck, the fresh air on which is rendered doubly welcome from its opposition to the quality of that below, a most animating scene presented itself. The vessel, moving at the rate of seven or eight miles (nautical knots), through a fine, clear, crisp sea, with just undulating motion enough to make you sensible



that you were not on land; the various vessels, raising their ornamented heads in honour to the genius of man; the bracing tone of the air, gently modified by the coming forth of the Conquerer of the East in all his glory,—all united to elevate and gratify the mind. Perhaps one of the reasons why the sea impresses us with more wonder than the land, is, that any portion of it, being a direct sample of the whole, and differing only in *extent*, the mind more readily recognizes its vastness by the power of multiplication; whereas the land is so diversified, that no one part aids us in conceiving the whole.

We reached Yarmouth with little variation of the strength of the wind. Off Yarmouth, we were hailed by a boat, having on board a dashing youth; whose introduction I notice, for the contrast which it afforded to the style of communication between persons at sea and on land. How tame the index-finger, uplifted to the first coach on the stand at Bridge-street, to the wave of the hat, and stentorian breathing of "Smack a hoy! will you put me ashore at Scarborough?" Another moment, the boat was alongside,—the next, our hero on deck. Troops that fight in their entrenchments are generally beaten. We all instinctively fell back from a lovely Scots girl, who till now had monopolized the attention of all on board. In fact, a sea-horse, or a water-spout, or a whale, any thing rather than a dashing naval youth, would have been welcome: he fairly cleared the deck, as I was told (for I went below to a volume of Seneca), took our fair one's arm in his, and "marked her for his own." Never did mariners long distressed at sea, behold the signal for a boat hoisted with greater joy than did (at Scarborough) the ex-admirers of the Scots enchantress. Our rival descended from the deck, with the same grace, but not the same alacrity, with which he had gained it: the want of haste did not seem to injure his reputation with the lady. After his departure, there was that sort of void which oc-

asionally occurs after a witty sally of an individual in conversation:—the brow of the conqueror, wearing the wreath of victory, looks tempting, but each fears to get his head sconced in the attempt for the next. For myself, being, like Othello, "somewhat in the vale of years," the fire of gallantry is not easily revived after it has once been quenched; it was Beauty *versus* Seneca, and Philosophy, for *once*, carried the day.

A young and interesting Frenchman entered the lists with Miss R., and culinary affairs coming on the *tapis*, it was not a little amusing to hear the pertinacity with which he defended the merits of the frog, *pour une bonne bouche*.

After a passage of nearly the same rapidity as the mail, we arrived at ———'s hotel, and immediately encountered that diversity of character which renders travelling so favourable to the spirits:—an old general, with a bold and ardent front, who, with the fatuity of age was planning his pleasurable campaigns for many summers in advance; his companion, a geologist, with a sledge-hammer over his shoulder, looked like a Cyclop travelling with a duplicate eye; a third, a gentlemanly young man, a Prussian, who, the general informed us, had been taken, under the conscription, to the battle of Waterloo: "and," added he, (with a knowledge of English character), "if one of our lads had been dragged from his home in that manner, he would never have laughed afterwards, but would have gone *sulking* to his grave." After correcting the keenness of the Scots air by some whisky, we retired to rest.

The following morning, we were escorted, by a Scots friend, to the different points of interest in the capital: one of them I must notice,—the Museum; which, under the management of Professor Jameson, displays an elegance that would recompense you for the distance passed over to see it. No expense has been spared, in the room for containing, and the materials for displaying the

objects ; and every artifice that ingenuity can suggest has been adopted, to place them in the most favourable manner. The whole might receive the praise which has been bestowed on the style of a celebrated writer,—that you could not make the slightest alteration without impairing a beauty. The point at which you terminate your examination of some of the most beautiful productions of nature, is the end of a long gallery, the latter part of which is appropriated to chemical and anatomical preparations ; and, as the last demand upon your attention, you find some relics of one of that species whose genius has collected and classed the subject of your previous admiration,—a sightless scull. The effect is very striking. After following the magician through all the wonders of his art, you find him here, reft of his robe of power, and prostrate before the hand of Nature,—his genius, that mighty wand, reclaimed by the Spirit who bestowed it.

From Edinburgh we went, in that element-subduing machine, a steam-boat, to Stirling,—winding our easy way through scenes lovely as the joys of youth, the Castle, not hope, before us. The view from its turrets is one of the most pleasing that we saw in Scotland. On a perfectly clear day, it embraces the distance between Stirling and Edinburgh, enabling you to trace the beautiful serpentine course of the Forth between the two places. We witnessed this enchanting spot under circumstances peculiarly favourable to impression,—a fine, but not unclouded day, the sky having those light and flying clouds, which throw a pleasing variation of shade over the landscape. Considerably lower than the castle is Stirling church, the bell of which was mournfully announcing the departure of one of the inhabitants of the place. A little to the right is a plot of ground,

appropriated to the recreation of a considerable school. The little urchins were in the noon-tide of their joy ; their shouts of merriment, ascending between the dreary pauses of the tolling bell,—the whole scene was a fanciful epitome of life. The chrysalis just bursting the shell—the flowery meads over which it was to flutter, and the last gloomy receptacle, waiting for all that would remain.\*

From Stirling we went in a gig to Callendar. Paying our toll at the first turnpike, we, in the true London style, demanded a ticket. “I believe,” said the man, with Scots dryness, “ye’ll find a *sarpence* the best ticket ye can take.”

After a night’s rest, we went to see the Bridge of Brachlin, celebrated for the waterfall which is contiguous. The latter is worth seeing, though not on a grand scale : it has much more the appearance of art than nature.

From Callendar we proceeded towards the Trosachs. On the top of a slight ascent, embracing a view of Loch Venicher on the left, and some fine mountainous scenery on the right, my friend was so pleased with its beauties, that he wished to transplant them. While he was employed in sketching, we were accosted by a rough, Orson-like being, who, throwing down a bundle of sticks, seemed willing to dispense with the formality of an introduction, and inclined at once to be on a familiar footing with us. A noble poet has said that he always wishes to learn a language from a female ; and this appeared to us in such “good taste,” that we felt no inclination to commence the Gaelic under our self-elected tutor. The difficulty was to convince him of this, as neither understood the language of the other. We were at last obliged, like able statesmen, to buy him off, when we found that we could not subdue him. We were afterwards

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\* The consideration of man’s mortality, amidst the fairest scenes of nature, suggested to Claude a soul-moving sentiment, in one of his landscapes. In the foreground, a group of shepherds and shepherdesses, dancing ; in the distance, a tomb, with this simple inscription : “I, too, was once in Arcadia.”



told, that he was an idiot, who conceives that he has a right to demand toll from all persons entering the Highlands : his idiotcy, like Hamlet's madness, seems to have some method in it.

We reached Stewart's inn in safety, and proceeded immediately to Loch Katrine, the description of which has been so well executed in the Beauties of Scotland, as to leave me no hopes of rivalling it. I have only, like an unskilful speaker, who follows an eloquent harangue, to subscribe to what has been said.

After taking a farewell of my friend, whose time permitted a more extensive excursion than mine, I retraced my route to Edinburgh, and discovered by the loss of my companion, how great a portion of my previous pleasure had been derived from him.

At Edinburgh, I had the favour of an introduction to an accomplished musical family. Of all introductions, these are the most valuable to an indolent voluptuary. All other pleasures demand *exertion*. If you are introduced among wits, you must couch your lance, although you should be unhorsed at the first encounter ; —in a circle of beauties, you must “rain sacrificial whisperings in their ear,” and “be all eye, all intellect, all sense ;” —and dancing, that tarantula of madness,\* demands exertion that would subdue Hercules. Music, and music alone, suspends you in her invisible web, and lulls you into forgetfulness of the ills of life. Wonderful power ! that mollifies the present and the past, and brightens the anticipations of the future. The lyre of Orpheus arrests the flowing tide of time, or causes its *oiled* waves to reflow towards their source.

I left Edinburgh in one of the smacks. In the fore-part of the ves-

sel was a large party of soldiers, with the corporal of whom I occasionally conversed. I could not avoid noticing, in talking with him, how *generally* nature seems to have implanted in man the desire to conceal the wretchedness which belongs to his peculiar station. He will allow the existence of misery, but does not like to have too large a share appropriated to him ; and thus, nature enables us to “turn his own arms against the torturer ;” and pride, the source of so many of our evils, empowers us to subdue others, by inducing us to conceal them. A gentleman holding an official situation at Edinburgh, had taken the principal part of the vessel for himself and family ; and he, by his gentlemanly deportment, corrected a tendency on the part of others, to be coarse and vulgar. The smack contained a party of artists, two mates, a surgeon, a lieutenant of foot, and others having no outward or visible sign of their occupation. The lieutenant, I thought at first, would have put the whole vessel under martial law : he seemed inclined to be a sturdy disputant ; and, aided by a dark-bronze countenance, and a clear eye, he appeared to create, among the lesser part of his auditory, some sensations of deference. But all power, to be permanent, must be supported by ability : a diadem may be *snatched* by imbecility, but genius only can *retain* it. He had but one stratagem, and that discovered he was lost ; it consisted in the repetition of the latter part of any assertion that was made, in a tone of interrogation : as, A. B. would assert that the French Revolution had been productive of more good than evil. — *The Lieut.* Of more good than evil ? This would have left the whole burden of explanation on his opponent ;

\* We need not wonder that people should

“Compound for *sins* they are inclined to,  
By damning those they have no mind to ;”

when our frolicsome correspondent, in all the free indulgence of his giddy wit, can libel thus a delightful *amusement*, which is not to his taste. If, however, he be, as he says, “declining in the vale of years,” we not only excuse him for not joining in the dance, but congratulate him on his still *youthful* spirits, and thank him for making our pages the medium through which they are to sparkle. — *Ed.*

but he, "a cool, old sworder," dropped out the monosyllable, "Yes."—The artists seemed to consider him as one of nature's daubs; they used him as a pallet to mix their ideas upon. One of them appeared to possess considerable conversational ability; but, from an excess of young blood in his veins, he dealt his wit and sarcasm among the unlettered crew that surrounded him so freely, as to excite pain in a feeling mind; it was an eagle in a dove-cote. One of the persons on board, a thin, quiet, little fellow, seemed to look at him with feelings of considerable dread; and to catch the inspirations of his genius, as they fell from his lips, as the vulgar, in ancient time, did from the sybils. On shipwreck becoming the subject of conversation, the very mention of which seemed to chill our small friend, the artist observed, that "the system" would go on as well if we were all at the bottom of the sea. Now, a grand proposition, on the brain of the uninitiated, acts like a large wedge upon small timber,—it does not open, but split it. "The system" of the artist, and of his fearful auditor, were, I suspect, different. With the one, it was the system of world beyond world, and universe beyond universe,—that system, which dazzled the eagle-ken of its famed investigator, till,

"Blasted with excess of light,  
He closed his eyes in endless night."\*

"The system" of the other, was, probably, his grandmother's house in Pepper-alley. A ludicrous instance of the effect of fright occurred in the person I have been describing. At

night, hearing a noise on deck, he drew on the forked vesture of the lower extremities, and went, with palpitating heart, to inquire the cause,—came down again,—felt for the garment above-mentioned, in the place where he put it, on *first* retiring to rest: not finding it there, he called up the steward to assist in the search.

We anchored at the mouth of the Nore, about six o'clock in the afternoon, and came up the river on the following day.

I know of few feelings in which we differ more, at different times, than in our anticipations of home. In youth, our returns to it, after absence, are as sweet, perhaps sweeter, than our exits; we do not feel the force of the bonds of love that connect us with it, until we have stretched them; but in the meridian of life, a bachelor's account with home is fearfully against him:—forms and faces,

"However dear and cherish'd in their day,"

have vanished; and how shall he fill up the empty niches in his halls? The light of connubial love may enlighten the centre of life, as it certainly cheers its decline; but the joys of a bachelor are flashes, lighted, and exhausted.

When the first fervours of our being are over, life is but the fable of Sisyphus realized. Let me not repine, however. I can still cheer my lonely passage through existence, and animate my efforts in it, by the remembrance of one whose life was an undeviating career of usefulness and philanthropy.

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#### SONG.

Love feasts, 'tis said, on smiles  
And sweet *confessing* tears;  
And when with fond confiding cloy'd,  
On doubts and wayward fears.

Yet think not, when *these* fail,  
That love doth thrive the less;  
Still in the heart it grows and feeds  
On bitter hopelessness.

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\* Galileo was the Bacon of astronomy; he led the way in all the important discoveries connected with the science he professed, and lost his sight from his devotion to it. Milton, Galileo, and Euler, are a triumvirate that might make us "love darkness, rather than light,"—fellow-sharers in fame and in misfortune:—"Immortal, though in ruins."



## LINES.

## FROM THE FRENCH.

*"Vous qui priez, priez pour moi."*

In the gloomy retreat of a hamlet obscure,  
A youth sadly suffering smil'd o'er his pain,  
For long he had learn'd to submit and endure,  
To see life consuming, yet not to complain ;  
The sun, on his thatch, cast a lingering ray,  
To the poor humble cottagers softly said he,  
I hear the bell tolling which calls you to pray,  
Forget not to pray, my good neighbors, for me.

But when, at grave twilight, the murm'ring cascade,  
Its gentler waters shall give to the rills,  
And the willows shall cast o'er its features a shade,  
Ah, think that I then am releas'd from all ills ;  
Though sick, and though faint and dejected I lay,  
Ah, think that at last my pure spirit is free,  
And when the bell tolls to invite you to pray,  
Forget not to pray, my good neighbors, for me.

Like the blossom that blooms, and is nipp'd on the morrow,  
I'm doom'd to the grave ere the hour of my prime,  
Though us'd to affliction, to anguish, and sorrow,  
I'm young in transgression, a stranger to crime ;  
The term of my pilgrimage passes away,  
Not long this emaciated form you will see,  
Then when the bell tolls to invite you to pray,  
Forget not to pray, my good neighbors, for me.

The spouse of my bosom, the friend of my heart,  
I liv'd but for her, but the season was brief,  
In the morning of life we were destin'd to part,  
O ! pity, dear cottagers, pity her grief ;  
When cold, in my lone bed, reposes my clay,  
That friend of my bosom, with tremulous knee,  
Will weep as the bell tolls, that calls you to pray,  
And join, my good neighbors, in praying for me.

## SONNET TO FANNY.

THY bloom is soft, thine eye is bright,  
And rose-buds are thy lips, my Fanny ;  
Thy glossy hair is rich with light,  
Thy form unparagon'd by any ;  
But thine is not the brief array  
Of charms, which time is sure to borrow,  
Which accident may blight to day,  
Or sickness undermine to-morrow.

No—thine is that immortal grace  
Which ne'er shall pass from thy pos-  
session,  
That moral beauty of the face  
Which constitutes its sweet expression ;

This shall preserve thee what thou art,  
When age thy blooming tints has  
shaded,  
For while thy looks reflect thy heart,  
How can their charms be ever faded ?

Nor, Fanny, can a love like mine  
With time decay, in sickness falter ;  
'Tis like thy beauty—half divine,  
Born of the soul, and cannot alter :  
For when the body's mortal doom  
Our earthly pilgrimage shall sever,  
Our spirits shall their loves resume,  
United in the skies forever.

## DESCENT INTO A LEAD MINE.

**I**T must be owned, there is a great difference between going up a mountain and descending into a cavern; one excites a sort of inspiration—a swelling of the heart, in contemplating the sublimity of nature; the other fills us with strange terrors and “horrible imaginings.” Old associations revive,—Tartarus, Styx, and the “bottomless pit” float before the imagination; the abyss of fire, which some philosophers say fills the centre of the globe, rises to view: add to which the darkness—the sulphureous heat—the noise of falling water—and the dim, demoniacal visages of the miners—and there is enough, I think, to appal the stoutest heart, and account for the unpleasant sensations usually felt on first attempting a subterranean descent—and which, I confess, were experienced by me in lately exploring the lead mine of Allenheads.

This mine is situated about eight miles from the town of Allendale, and eighteen from Hexham in Northumberland. Arriving at the entrance, my companion and I (for I took care not to be solus in the adventure) began our preparations, with clothing ourselves in the miner’s dress, consisting of coarse canvass, the jacket lined with flannel, a large slouch hat, and enormous wooden shoes, bound with iron. (I thought of Burke, who went down into a coal-pit in a collier’s sack.) Thus accoutred, and provided with a candle, round which was a lump of clay, to prevent the heat of the hand from melting it, we seated ourselves in a small muddy waggon, drawn by one horse, with a lantern attached to his head, and were hurried along a railway, amidst the noise of the iron, the splashing of water, and the cries of the driver, urging the animal forward. At the distance of a mile we arrived at a whimsey or shaft, where the workmen were drawing up the lead ore and rubbish from the pit

below. A little further we began our descent by a number of ladders, to another level, fifty fathoms from the surface; in this level was placed a machine, like a winnow, to circulate air through the mine, and put in motion by a boy quite naked who appeared excessively hot. Near this place we again descended by other ladders, to the third level, at the end of which we descended by a large rope, worked by a windlass, to the fourth level: here we found our iron shoes of great service, as the pendulous motion of the rope made it necessary to present the point of the shoe to the side of the shaft, to prevent our swinging against it.

Sometimes walking, at others crawling, we came to the first group of miners who were just preparing a blast; which was performed by inserting a match, or fusee, in a hole, communicating with a small bed of gunpowder; at the top of the match is placed crosswise, a small piece of touchpaper, which being lighted, the miners retire to wait the explosion, which generally detaches about three feet square. The men are dressed in canvass trowsers, and a black cotton cap; and, when waiting an explosion, their appearance is extremely picturesque, each hastening to a spot of security with his candle, whose light, throwing some into partial shade, and others into a broader glare, contrasted with the gloom of the surrounding cavern, gives to the whole a most banditti aspect.

Near this spot I had an opportunity of seeing an immense natural cavern of carbonate of lime, fluor spar, intermixed with glance lead, which glittered and sparkled in the most beautiful manner, from the reflected lights of the candles. I was now two miles distant from the entrance of the mine, and 500 feet from the surface of the earth. I next went to see the principal pump for raising water from the mine; it is a large



wheel, of great weight, and gives motion to a horizontal beam, to which are attached the pistons. I had now seen all that was interesting ; having,

by means of my companion, who was overseer of the mine, been a greater distance than any stranger had hitherto been permitted.

### CUSTOM.

**H**E who said " custom is another nature," has comprised, in few words, almost all that can be said upon the subject.

Some there are, exceedingly wise and cunning in their own conceit, who would persuade us that we should accustom ourselves to nothing, for by that means we should escape much misery. Surely it is ridiculous to desire us to relinquish a thousand conveniences and comforts, merely that we may not have to fear their loss. Nothing is sweeter than custom. If the most fickle man on earth would scrutinize his heart severely, he would trace in it a certain necessity for constancy, that binds him, if not to persons, at least to things. It is to nature that we are indebted for this source of happiness. Sometimes we take all imaginary pains to lead her from our path (indeed, what gift of nature do we leave unsophisticated ?) but we never entirely succeed ; every man is and remains, more or less, tributary to custom ; the mild, good man, in the greatest degree ; the wicked and sensual, in the smallest ; for he, fain to isolate himself, and tossed about upon the tumultuous ocean of his passions, seldom knows any other habitude than a propensity to evil. The love of good, on the other hand, preserves the life of the honest man within a uniform circle ; a secret sentiment of gratitude binds him to the persons or things that are useful or agreeable to him ; he loves his country, his home, and this is the benevolent effect of custom.

In general, we enjoy this satisfaction without taking account of it ; for as it is not a very lively one, we scarcely suspect what an important part it plays in the drama of life ; it is chiefly, therefore, when we lose it,

that we become sensible of its true value.

Custom, indeed, mingles itself with our sentiments, and imbues our feelings. Constancy, for example, is only the pleasing habit of loving the same object. So long as love remains a passion, it governs the senses rather than the heart ; but when time has purified and tempered this passion ; when the husband, long rendered happy in the possession of his wife, yet finds it impossible to live without her, because custom has cast her evergreen on the flowery chains of love ; then the beloved may reckon upon unchanging constancy.

All living beings are moved by two contradictory sentiments—love and hate. That attracts, this repulses. Nevertheless, the strongest aversion is sometimes converted into a warm attachment ; and custom is the magic that performs this wonder.

Man habituates himself to every thing—even to slavery, and learns to love its chains. Lord Mazarin, having been confined some time in Fort l'Evesque for debt, refused to quit his prison when his creditors had been satisfied. The only person on earth, probably, who bewailed the demolition of the Bastille, was an aged man, who had become habituated, by a long course of imprisonment within its walls, to the deprivation of liberty.

The nearer man approaches the end of his career, the stronger becomes his aversion to new objects. He seems eager to stop the progress of fleeting life, by clinging to all that has long surrounded him.

Custom steals itself even into the art of pleasing. Why is a constant endeavour almost always rewarded with success ? Because the object

of it becomes accustomed to it. Will the lover impart a higher value to his attentions, let him never suffer them to be expected in vain at the customary hour. At first, they will be merely agreeable to his mistress; soon, however, they will become indispensable; less through their charms than the constant habit of receiving them. This it is, with which many who are not amiable or handsome, nourish their hopes of pleasing; they supply the want of attraction by assiduity and perseverance.

Custom is an instinct, independent of thought; we follow it mechanically, even when the activity of the senses is suspended; of this somnambulists afford a proof. In short, both body and mind are subject to the dominion of habit. Without it, we should know only moments, never years of enjoyment; through its means, years of sorrow are at length reduced to moments. Even the wretched and destitute are unwilling to die, merely because they are habituated to life, and accustomed to misery.

There are persons to be met with, whose fickleness in friendship, love, and taste, is singularly at variance with custom, whose chains they nevertheless bear. It is related of a certain married man, that he was accustomed to retire to bed precisely at ten o'clock. His wife's cicisbeo, an official man, was daily prevented by his avocations from paying his visit until the same hour; his arrival was always the signal for the husband to withdraw, his health being a thing of greater importance to him than his wife's honour. In a word, it was difficult to say which was the most punctual—the clock in striking, the

lover in paying his visit, or the husband in retiring. One day, however, it chanced that the lover came at an unusual hour, namely six o'clock. It was in winter—the candles brought in, and the clock stopped by some accident, all contributed to deceive the husband. "What!" said he, "is it so late? I am not at all sleepy—n'importe—the president is punctual—he is here, and so it is time to say good night."

But never is the force of this, our second nature, more striking than in the conflict between custom and sentiment. We are so seldom untrue to the former, that, when the latter really triumphs over it, it is the strongest proof of tenderness that can be given. Here we may quote the naïve reply of a newly married man. He had loved a lady for ten years. He visited her every afternoon, precisely at five o'clock, and regularly spent the evening in her society—none other had any attractions for him. Suddenly a circumstance occurred which enable him to lead her to the altar. The nuptial fête was celebrated with the usual festivities. The merry guests arose from table. The bridegroom alone seemed out of spirits. "Why so gloomy?" demanded one of his friends. "What witch has laid her baleful spell upon you? Are you not arrived at the very pinnacle of felicity?"—"Oh, certainly! I love my wife inexpressibly—she will now live with me entirely. What a prospect of bliss! There is only one thing which troubles me, and, I confess, I did not think of it before."—"What is that?" "Where shall I spend my evenings in future?"

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## VARIETIES.

### THE KRIMEA.

**WE** have heard much of the forbearance, kindness, and toleration of Russia towards her conquered provinces, and she often deserves

that praise; but, assuredly, for many years, the Tartars were treated with much severity, which led to great emigration. They have also suffered the most violent insults: their



mosques, their minarets, their palaces, their baths, their water-conduits, and even their tombs, have been thrown down, ruined, and rased. I heartily joined in the noble indignation, and generous feeling, every where shown by Clarke, when these scenes of destruction, and almost total annihilation, presented themselves.

There are no good inns at Karasubazar, and we got possession of some rooms in a private house; but nobody would undertake to make a dinner for us,—a circumstance which greatly excited our surprise. At length an individual, to whom we had sent, returned an answer, that, "*If we were not Russians, he would make us a good dinner,*" and the business was easily arranged. On demanding an explanation of this curious answer, it was replied, that the Russians often take possession of rooms, dine, drink coffee and tea, and call for wine, &c. at pleasure; and instead of paying a bill, give any trifling sum they please, and depart. There is no doubt of this truth, and such a practice prevails throughout the Russian dominions. Many of the richer nobles, and of the higher classes of officers, would spurn at such conduct; but most of the lower ranks of the aristocracy, and of the military, do not hesitate a moment about "trifles of this kind."

*Lyall's Travels.*

#### A WAGER WELL MADE.

A wager was made, a few days ago, by two tradesmen of Brighton—one of them a close-set *little one*, and the other a very tall *huge man*, in consequence of the latter boasting of his superior strength of body; by which the little one undertook to carry, a considerable distance, "two sacks of wheat, each to contain four bushels, 60lbs. weight." The *little one* accordingly procured one sack, and put four bushels of wheat into it, and then drawing the other sack over it, contended that both sacks contained four bushels, which he carried with ease. The stakeholder decided

that both sacks did contain the quantity agreed on, and the money was handed over.

#### THEATRICAL ANECDOTE.

A Mr Lannan, a saddler in Dublin, was most seriously stage-struck, and volunteered to act Major O'Flaherty, in which he was execrable! after this was over, however, he exhibited himself at the Cockle Club, where the facetious Isaac Sparks presided, and Jack Long was vice-president; they made him extremely tipsy, and then gave him in charge to the watch, for having murdered Major O'Flaherty, and left the poor saddler all night in durance vile, who afterwards stuck to making saddles, and never more was found guilty of murdering majors, even on the stage.

TO ———

LADY! mine is a tale of hapless woe,  
And bitterness, unmingled with one drop  
Of this life's balm,—since heaven-descended hope,  
Like dreams of boyhood fled, has ceas'd to glow,  
On my chill'd bosom,—has the portion been  
Of my doom'd cup. I may not hope to know  
Those joys delirious, which alone can flow  
From love reciprocal: for well I ween,  
That, in my deepest sorrowing, thy heart,  
Moulded to melt at woe, has never yet—  
Because unmelting—grieved at my distress;  
'Mid woe 'twere rapture, were my bitter smart,  
Unwept by others, wept by thee; regret  
Should die away. I still might think of bliss.

#### OCULAR DEMONSTRATION.

A person who religiously adhered to the old opinion, that the sun went round the earth, was opposed by a *bon vivant*, who observed that when his cook roasted a partridge, the bird turned round on the spit, and not the fire round the bird. His conclusions being still questioned, he observed, "but you'll not deny the old adage, *in vino veritas!*"—"No," said the other. "Why then," rejoined the *bon vivant*, "I have ocular demonstration on my side; for when I have

drank plenty of wine, I can see the earth turn round?"

#### LITERARY PROPERTY.

The manuscript of "Robinson Crusoe" ran through the whole trade, and no one would print it. The bookseller who at last bought it, cleared a thousand guineas by it. "Burn's Justice" was disposed of by its author for a mere trifle, as well as "Buchan's Domestic Medicine;" both of which yielded immense incomes. "The Vicar of Wakefield," the most delightful novel in our language, was sold for a few pounds; and Miss Burney's "Evelina," produced only five guineas. Dr Johnson fixed the price of his "Lives of the Poets" at two hundred guineas, by which the booksellers, in the course of a few years, cleared upwards of twenty-five thousand. Tonson and all his family rode in their carriage with the profits of the 5*l.* epic of Milton. The copy-right of "Vyse's Spelling Book" sold for 2,000 guineas.

#### A RUNNING ACCOUNT.

"I am sorry," said a Chamberlain to a poor German Count, "to be obliged to quit your service, having been with you some years without receiving any wages."—"Well," said his Lord, "I know I am in your debt, but you should consider it is still running on."—"That I do consider," replied the Chamberlain; "but I am afraid it runs on so fast that I shall never be able to overtake it."

#### ANECDOTE.

Frederick the Great, while reviewing his guard, happened at a time to take out his snuff-box, and was tapping on the lid, when one of his grenadiers stepped out of the ranks and said, "Please your Majesty, give me a pinch of your snuff?" The King asked what he meant by such freedom, and he replied, "In my country, Sir, when any one taps on the box, it is a sign that every body round is welcome to a pinch, and I thought your Majesty meant as much." The King laughed at the

odd result of this odd custom, and presented the box, a gold one enriched with jewels, to the soldier, bidding him keep it for his sake.

#### SHERIDAN.

Just about the time that Mr Sheridan took his house in Saville-row, he happened to meet lord Guilford in the street, to whom he mentioned his change of residence, and also stated a change in his habits.—"Now, my dear lord," said Sheridan, "every thing is carried on in my house with the greatest regularity—every thing, in short, goes like clockwork."—"Ah," replied lord Guilford, "tick, tick, tick, I suppose."

#### HISTORICAL FACTS.

THE reign of Edward I. was marked with a singular occurrence, which serves to illustrate the general character of this monarch. In the year 1285, Edward took away the charter of London, and turned out the mayor, in consequence of his suffering himself to be bribed by the bakers, and invested one of his own appointing with the civic authority. The city, however, by making various presents to the king, and rendering him other signal services, found means to have their charter restored.

Sir Giles Allingham, A. D. 1631, was convicted for marrying his own niece, and fined 12,000*l.* to the king, and compelled to give a 20,000*l.* bond never to cohabit, or come in private with her again; and both of them to do penance at St Paul's cross, or St Mary's, in Cambridge, which they accordingly did.

Mr Pinkerton, in his "Essay on Medals," relates, that in the cellar of a house in Norfolk-street in the Strand, is a fine antique bath, formerly belonging to Thomas, earl of Arundel, who first brought the Arundelian marbles into England, and whose house and extensive gardens were adjacent. It is a pity this valuable antique is not more known, and better taken care of.

The funeral of Hugh, bishop of Lincoln, (Henry II.) was attended by two kings, many earls, three archbishops, fourteen bishops, and one hundred abbots. Miracles innumerable were wrought at his tomb. His virtues were not confined to this country; for his statue being placed near the walls of Paris, it nearly ruined all the physicians there, by curing the sick persons who passed by it.—*Vide Herne Dom. Carth. p. 27.*